UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844. | WHOLE NO. 1192.

Original Poetry.

THE KINDRED TREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD.

————: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.—*Cymbeline.*

I planted a tree in my childhood years,
In the midst of our play-ground green;
And fondly watched o'er it with anxious fears,
As leaflet by leaflet was seen.
How gladly I leaped as that hale, young tree
In beauty, and majesty grew
To a tow'ring height, unfettered and free,
And widely his cool shadow threw!

The merry birds sang on its bending boughs
Their carols for many a day;
The little lambs came in its shade to browse,
And frisk in their reveling play!
Where the fondest tokens of love-bound youth,
Were mingled with friendship's pure vow;
While all the sweet tones of their heart-felt truth
Are loudly re-echoing now!

Oh! lasting and deep is the kindred spell
Around its old scenery thrown;
Whose lingering charms in profusion swell,
Though all its fair features have flown!
The light-hearted group! in their loved employ
Which oft in glad merriment met;
The innocent laugh of the school-child's joy—
Cling fondly to memory yet!

I sighed a farewell of devoted grief,
To this early-loved, hallow'd spot;
And sought far away on a new life's leaf
The joy of the wanderer's lot,
Years heavily roll'd—I returned once more
To my home, and the olden green;
But ah! its prized grandeur was now no more—
How altered and dismal the scene!

The fury which fell from the passing storm,
In the blast and the lightning's chain,
Had fearfully shattered its stately form,
And nought but its fragments remain!
There the aged trunk stood in its blight alone,
As though crumbling Time to defy,
There solitude sat on her dreary throne,
Whilst silence stood mournfully by!

I wept o'er the fall of this kindred oak
With bitterest, anguishing tears;
Whose fate was allied to the pangs which broke
The friendship of infancy's years!
Low, prowling envy, with conquering hand,
Had crept to its innocent shrine,
And hastily crushed the love-lighted brand
Which gleamed with a brilliance divine!

And absence, lone absence, had faltered too,
When left to her changeable will;
No longer she stooped the fond smile to woo,
But shrunk from its penitent thrill!
Companions of childhood! and where are they?
The idols of happiest days!
Where linger they now!—why no more obey
The sceptre which friendship's arm sways!

Ah! 'twas all but a dream which pass'd away
With the fervor of youth's warm glow,
As the faint sunshine of a wintry day
Is chill'd by the glistening snow!
A phantom of fancy by care depress'd
Till naught of its shadow remains,
A victim within a dark court caress'd
Where sorrow triumphantly reigns!

Vernacular Tales.

SURLY SAM SMITH.

The Boy who Fought for It.

CONTINUED

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.,
Author of Lucy Grey,—The Death of Madam Arbuckle,—Jonas Smiley, or the Boy who had no Friends, &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.

A TRIP TO BOSTON—AND A TRIP OF THE HEELS.

Weary and way-worn and sad, Sam Smith entered the Metropolis of New England, Boston *town* that then was, though now rejoicing in the more dignified name of city. It was about a week since he had left home, and the only intimation he had received that any body had missed him, or noticed his disappearance, was contained in the following advertisement, which accidentally met his eye in the country paper.

ONE CENT REWARD.

"Ran away from his guardian, on the afternoon of the 14th instant, a lad named Samuel Smith. He answers to Surly Sam, both in nature and in looks; and had on, when he left, an indifferent suit of clothes, as his friends could never please his difficult notions. Whoever will return him to his guardian, Jonas Smith, in Jonesville, shall be entitled to the above reward, but no charges paid."

It will be pretty easily guessed that this advertisement did not operate as a very strong inducement on Sam to go back to Jonesville, like a good boy, nor, we shrewdly suspect, was his guardian very anxious he should come home. There are more secrets in administratorships, and guardianships than every body knows of; and there are not a few nice-looking grave-faced men who make a good thing of it. But this isn't telling our story.

Sam was naturally in a right down passion, at seeing this, and he forthwith made up his mind, so mad was he, to "bite his own nose off to spite his cheeks," as they say in New England. He vowed, like a ninny hammer as he was, that he wouldn't "go home in one while"—he forgetting that nothing on earth, short of his death, could please his uncle better. Folks that let their evil tempers run away with them don't always count the cost, or think that the people they are so angry with have been trying purposely to aggravate them.

When country boys come to the city one of their first and most natural desires is to see the ocean, and ships and sailors. With true pride of town, they will have it that every thing may be found "up at our place," if there were people enough to make it an object, but the ocean is something that they do acknowlege cannot be transported inland, without more expense than the profit would warrant. So they content themselves with the consolation that salt water is not fit to drink, whatever other use may be made of it, and wisely resolve that they would not have it, if they could. That's your true philosophy.

The very first day after Sam's arrival found him down among the docks. He gazed with undisguised astonishment at those comets among drays—the Boston trucks, which have been the result of successive ages of attempts at vehicular eccentricity—three horses in the harness, and two parallel timbers on wheels, with a continuation of extremity as long as a lawyer's bill of particulars. He heard the ho, yeave, ho! with dumb amazement, and when he came at length to a place where some black lumpers were walking round a capstan to the tune of

My Nancy she's a pretty girl—
Heave-and-she-goes my Nancy Oh!

He had half a mind to ask "whose Nancy?"

As a sailor is directly recognized as such in the country, being a fish out of water, an interior landsman is quite as readily discerned on the sea-board. Neither can he divest himself of the distinctive traces of his origin and habits. Sam was soon marked by the mischievous boys, who acquire round the docks amphibious nature, and, vain of their accomplishments, hold all creation else in as much contempt, as if the world were made for the ocean, and the land a mere place to fit out ships. It takes boys to have these fancies—men get them washed out, after a fair trial of the realities of that calling which is much more romantic on canvass than under it. "Walking the waters like a thing of life," is all very well—but it *will* upset your coffee, and wet your jacket. The "blue above and the blue below," would be gladly exchanged by any sensible sea-dog for a comfortable kennel without the cerulean adornments.

A fine ship is the triumph of human art; for it takes in the useful with the beautiful in better proportions than any thing else the cunning of man has ever contrived, or ever will. Our hero stood and stared first at the heel of the mainmast, to see how such a tree had its root, and thence his eye ran up to where top mast followed mainmast, to-gallan'-mast, topmast, and thence to royal-mast above that, and skysail-mast, whose slender point like the little end of nothing whittled small, seemed pencilling circles against the sky, as the coming tide disturbed the light vessel at the wharf. And then the yards across, and the ropes like a great web, and the shrouds and stays, and rigging—how *could* they have got all them things up there! His eyes and mouth beside opened in gratified astonishment and verdant wonderment,—which was at length broken by a shout from one young sailor to another—

"On deck there!"

"Hollo!"

"Come ashore here, a couple of you, with a watch tackle, and bowse up this young man's lower jaw!"

Surly Sam took his nose down from its elevation, and looked all around him for the "young man," upon whom this operation was to be performed—feeling no little curiosity to witness what, it seemed to him, must be one of the most particular operations in the naval service. As he gazed about, he was greeted with a loud laugh. Even that, it did not at first occur to him was meant for his benefit. When, at last, he did find out who was meant, he felt the tips of his ears growing red with shame and anger, and he wheeled suddenly, disposed to hit the first person whom he could strike, under any pretext. But every body was minding his own business, and he could hardly be certain that these were the same people who had used a stranger in a manner which he deemed outrageous.

Sam strolled around the docks some time, wisely not betraying the fact, if he did suspect some complimentary remarks which he heard around him were intended for his benefit. He began to feel that he had left the place where he had so long reigned a juvenile autocrat, and reached a neighborhood where others had pretensions as well as himself; and he began also to have some misgivings as to whether he had made much by the exchange.

Willing, in spite of his rebuffs, to discover something of what the interior of a ship was made of, Sam climbed from the wharf over the gangway, and stood, for the first time in his life, on a ship's deck. He was lost in bewilderment, and regarded the people who could know every thing by name in this wilderness of objects as a little more than common men, if their shirts were check, and their trowsers of a cut less adapted to elegance than utility.

They were hoisting in a cargo of bale goods, and Sam, after having looked at everything else sufficiently for that first glance which gives the outline, stood at what he thought a safe distance from the hatchway, peeping over, to watch the men at work below in the hold. Unluckily for Sam, he was upon the wrong side.

"Get out of the way!" shouted the mate.

Sam gave a surly look about him, and seeing no thing and no person with which he interfered, being unaware of the mysteries of a Spanish burton, or hoisting apparatus, which hung from a derrick amidships, he gave the officer a sour and angry glance for his unnecessary impertinence, and turned slowly to walk off, meaning thereby merely to show that he was not to be frightened.

"Get out of the way, you clumsy lubber!" shouted the mate again. At this second command, Sam stood stock still. The bale of goods they were hoisting, had reached the top of the vessel's rail, and as it swung in, it gave the men on deck a peep at the soles of Sam's shoes, as he descended the hatchway under the rather sudden impetus of two hundred pounds of cotton fabrics, hurrying a hanging rope to its perpendicular. He struck first an anchor shank which happened to be upon the beams, thence bounding he landed in a lump on a stooping sailor's back and shoulders, and somewhat suddenly shaken from that roost, was brought up, breathless and gasping, upon the ground tier of the cargo, which had just been stowed.

Poor Sam! He looked up for commisseration, as he gasped for breath—for though he had had a fortunate escape, he was still badly hurt. The sailor who had broken Sam's fall with his own back, approached him. Sam's mind was made up to give a saucy "None of your business!" in reply to the tender question "My dear boy how much are you hurt?" But he had no such opportunity. The sailor looked at him a moment, and then shaking his fist over him said with a curse—"You clumsy bear! When you come down by the run again do you sing out stand from under!"

CHAPTER V.

SAM GETS INTO A BOARDING HOUSE. SOMETHING GETS IN HIS HAIR.

A rough outside conceals sometimes a kind heart. The old sailor who had so rudely assailed poor Sam with threatening glances and hard words, followed up his rough salutation by helping him up the hatchway—no small task by the way—and not accomplished until he was slung and hoisted up, like a bale of goods. And then, when he found the lad was a stranger, he took him to his own boarding house, and saw to the bathing of his bruises in good old fourth proof Jamaica—"the sovereignst thing on earth." Sam was not so much injured by his fall that he could not do first rate trencher duty, at dinner; and under instruction and example he lubricated his food with strong waters, till his eyes almost pushed out with his repletion, and his head was in a most agreeable muddle. Under these circumstances, and the perfection of the "spirituous influence," Surly Sam, so intoxicated as to laugh, and absolutely unable to take care of himself, was obligingly stowed away in bed, to sleep off the combined effects of bruising, over feeding, and deep potations. Jack insisted that the course he had taken with him was just the proper one, and likely to do him more good than all the doctors' stuff in a line of battle ship's medicine chest.

While Sam sleeps let us go down stairs and see what a Sailor's Boarding House looked like, almost invariably, twenty years ago, and what many look like still. The first object which strikes the eye in entering is a "bar," with liquors, glasses, &c., and a wooden grate, hoisted up during the day and part of the night, but let down and fastened "after hours." This precaution is not provided because there is any fear that Jack will not pay for all he gets; but because, in the course of human events, in a Sailor Boarding House, it sometimes becomes necessary to refuse him things that he is very ready to buy, and willing to pay double for, if he could be permitted. And when the little bar-maid, or the mistress chooses that Jack should have no more, it is well to have a grate and the *key lost* to throw the responsibility upon.

Behind the bar was a sitting-room, and this was furnished with substantial furniture, with an eye principally to strength, though an eye to neatness was not forgotten. The ornaments of the apartment were offerings of the gratitude of Jack for the attention of the hostess. On one side of the wall hung a view of a ship, whose straight lines and angular exactness bore indubitable testimony to Gunter's scale, in the artist's hands. The very waves of the sea were laid off in mathematically exact furrows around it, looking like respectable and orderly billows, which would not disturb a full glass of grog, sitting upon the topmast crosstrees. Nevertheless, with all this formality there were some features or marks, by which the sailor who knew the ship, could not fail to see that this was a portrait; as some portraits of the human face, looking in the abstract like nobody on earth, still bear a recognizable resemblance to the original.

Shells in most prodigal profusion crowned the mantle-piece. The fire-place, (it was summer,) was filled with the plunder of some coral grove, or of several groves—tree-like, fan-like, and even flower-like sprigs and branches, for the varieties are infinite. Seabirds' eggs, large and small, pure white, dingy yellow, and mottled, hung in different parts of the room; and in the centre a monstrous specimen, the king of eggs—as if honest Jack had been able to do better in the egg way for his landlady, than the slaves of the lamp, could or would for Aladdin.

Remarkable sticks and canes, remarkable ropes and knots, remarkable stuffed birds, and remarkable live ones, noisy parrots, and gaudy silent ones filled up the nitches and corners. On the window-seat ready for a spring in or out, a capital fence man, sat a most mischevous monkey, holding his jaw with both hands, as though he had the tooth ache, and rolling his eyes round with an expression at once fearful and roguish. The floor was carpeted with some fabric, valuable only because it come over sea, and was a present. A cat—excellent because she had made six voyages in the Arethusa, had retired on a pension, and walked perfectly harmless among these curiosities, living and dead. Time had been, when she was reputed a good mouser. Now, the most delicate and timorous little quadruped might have nibbled at her foot with impunity, provided he did not bite to the quick—for then puss would have retired and taken it out of his way. Such were some of the leading points and objects in the setting-room of Ma'am Dill's "Boarding House for Seaman;" and now it will be, perhaps, proper to give you a notion of the hostess herself.

Ma'am Dill was a widow—the widow of a seaman; and thus it happened that she came at the head of this establishment. During her husband's life, she visited the city to see him off upon his voyages—and here in this his boarding house, had partaken of the hospitalities of her predecessors. She always spake of her deceased husband as *Captain* Dill. It was certain that he had been boatswain's mate of a man of war, and second mate of a merchant ship—but dead mates are always rated captains in the memory of their friends, and their ghosts becomes captains by courtesy, without any opposition.

Captain Dill served through the whole of the second war with Britain without a wound, and we almost said without a bruise—a circumstance which he was in the habit of speaking of as very *unfortunate*. After his active service was over, while practising amateur gunnery on one Fourth of July, he put his right arm in a position to be blown off—and that explosive and troublesome consequence followed. He was thrown out of business with one wife, one child, one arm, *no* pension, and not one talent to maintain either. Mrs. D. took the "Boarding House for Seamen,"—Captain D. had, however, ceased to be, long before our hero arrived in the "crooked but interesting town of Boston"—as the now city was then described as an invoice of punch bowls, manufactured in England, to order of some enterprising Yankee.

Mrs. D. was a little body—and of course active. Her nose gave some symptom of hot culture—but that must have been the steam—of the kitchen. Her voice if not musical, was winning, for she had persuaded many a sailor not to take the last glass of grog which would have tied his legs; and her eloquence had been successfully exerted when a regiment of soldiers could not have conquered. Her wardrobe was always in excellent order, for excellent reasons; for she was pensioned by all sorts of tradesmen, the condition being that she should send all her boarders to them to buy. This agreement she took pretty good care so far to keep, as never to let them make any large purchases, if she could help it, without her being present to see that nobody was cheated—and particularly that Ma'am Dill did not lose her tribute.

The menagerie we have been describing was quiet. An old sailor sat with his head down; his elbows on his knees, and his eyes on the floor, thinking to himself what a sorry thing this fun ashore is after all—money spent to buy a burning throat, parching lips—an aching head, and no relief to be had for love or lucre. He wished himself off in blue water again, as many an honest isolated sea-dog does, merely because ashore he finds no companionship.

Madam Dill sat at a window making threatening demonstrations at the eye of a needle, with a bit of thread, and at every failure growing red and redder in the face. It is to be recollected that this was not only after dinner, but after four o'clock. As the thread, at each new feint to push it through the eye, struck farther and farther off, there is no knowing what Ma'am D. might have done, if she hadn't fallen asleep, and dreamed that the needle grew as tall as a ship's mast, and the thread turned to rope, and her arms to rope ladders, up which she could not make her legs climb; if she died, though she tried hard for it.

Just now, Surly Sam, having slept *off* his dinner—and slept on an extra ill humor, had stumbled down stairs, and was entering the room. A sleepy parrot opened his eyes, and croaked out—

"Who's there?"

Sam jumped. It might have been the bird that spoke—but he dared not be sure that such a thing could happen. So he answered at a venture—

"None of your business!"

It is a pity that those who have the elocution of parrots in their charge, are not always careful what elegant extracts they teach them—and what familiar sentences they put upon their tongues. The parrot, upon Sam's rejoinder, immediately complimented him with an order to go to a place the name of which we are not parrot enough to repeat.

Sam was terribly indignant. All the blood of the original Sam Smith, with the fire water which he had taken superadded, was in a boil and when the bird, as if to tantalize him, repeated the order, he flew to the cage, and seized it in order to shake Poll from his roost.

But boys who shake parrot's cages should keep their fingers outside. Sam caught a Tartar. He howled as the bird seized his two middle fingers in his beak, giving most exquisite pain. Ma'am Dill pricked her hand with her needle, and waked herself with a scream. The jabbering monkey jumped upon Sam's shoulder, and twisted his fore paws in his hair, just above the organ of ideality on each side. The cat up with her tail and ran, for the first time in five years. The other animals make their share of the concert, and the old sailor jumping up in his doze, shouted "Hard up! Hard up, with your helm! A man overboard!"

And here, as in melodramas they choose, we drop the curtain on quite an effective *tableau vivant*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

SONNET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

All hearts are not disloyal; let thy trust
Be deep and clear and all-confiding still,
For though Love's fruit turn on the lips to dust,
She ne'er betrays her child to lasting ill.
Through leagues of desert must the pilgrim go
Ere on his gaze the holy turrets rise;
Through the long, sultry day the stream must flow
Ere it can mirror twilight's purple skies.
Fall back unscathed from contact with the vain,
Keep thy robes white, thy spirit bold and free.
And calmly launch Affection's barque again,
Hopeful of golden spoils reserved for thee!
Though lone the way as that already trod,
Cling to thine own integrity and God!

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

FEELING VERSUS BEAUTY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"But, Sybil, you have something better worth than beauty—you have genius, feeling, grace, and gifted thus you cannot fail to win him."

Sybil's dark eyes filled with tears, and, clasping her hands with passionate earnestness, she exclaimed—"And what are they all without it! All men shrink from genius in a woman, and they never give an ugly one credit for *feeling*. As to grace, there is not one in a thousand of them that has taste enough to appreciate that divine emanation of the soul. No, no, Eleanor, beauty and good temper are all they ask in us—gifted with more or less we only annoy or repel them. And yet—yes—I will—I must believe that Hamilton is an exception to the general rule. His letters are so filled with lofty and generous sentiment. They are so noble, so chivalric! He must be superior to all I have seen and known as yet."

Sybil Stanley's eyes were superb—her mouth affectionate and sweet; but she was not beautiful—not even handsome—and yet the color went and came in her cheek with such bewitching unexpectedness that her face was always interesting, and those who saw it once were sure to look again. She had been betrothed in childhood to her cousin Hamilton Herbert, at the wish of his dying father, and she had not seen him since he was a boy. He had been educated in Europe but was daily expected home. During the past year the cousins had carried on a playful and affectionate correspondence, of the latter part of which we will make some extracts.

Herbert to Sybil.

Do not tell me, Sybil, that I must not expect to find you beautiful. The soul that glows in your letters must speak in your face also. It must talk in changeful and ever eloquent blushes on your cheek, in radiant glances from your eyes. It must express itself in a graceful noble bearing—it must lend its rare, rich music to your voice, its purity to your smile—I don't see for my part how you can help being lovely, and I will not believe you to be otherwise. For years you have been my ideal, my star, my dream, "my beautiful hope." I have compared with the sweet picture in my heart the charms of every land through which I have passed—the languid and voluptuous grace of the Spaniard—the impassioned loveliness of the dark-eyed Italian—the light, buoyant, spirituelle daughter of gay and gorgeous France—the high-bred, blooming English belle—all yield the palm to you: for I imagine that in you are combined the enchantments of each—grace, feeling, refinement, vivacity and wit—they must all meet in my Sybil. * * * * *

Sybil to Herbert.

Hamilton, I implore you not to come to me with that false and fatal dream of beauty in your soul; it cannot be realized in me, and your disappointment will destroy your love. I wrote this morning some playful verses on the subject—but though written half in jest you must read them in earnest—

Oh! come not to me, if you sigh for the splendor
That 'neath the lash lightens, in Beauty's blue eye,
I have naught but affection, true, timid and tender
If this be not dear to you—*all* to you—fly!

Oh! seek not my side, if the grace of a ringlet,
That goldenly floats, too beguiling can be,
A love such as yours is can ne'er want a winglet,—
Go! wave it o'er others—but come not to me!

Oh! come not to me, if you watch the glow stealing
O'er Beauty, like rose-light of morning on snow;
No bloom warms my cheek, save the wild-rose of Feeling!
If this be not dear to you—*all* to you—go!

Sybil was dancing through the garden, with her little baby brother mounted on her back and clinging with his dimpled limbs around her—her classic head half turned to meet the happy smile of her playmate, her dark curls floating from her forehead, her eyes, cheeks and lips kindled with the glow of exercise, and the grace of her fine form charmingly developed by the attitude—she met the gaze of a young man who was just entering the gate—her heart told her at once who it was, and lightly swinging the child to the ground she stood for an instant perfectly still, with locked hands and drooping head, in an attitude of enchanting timidity. Hamilton Herbert sprang forward with a smile, which gloriously illumined his dark and noble face, and exclaimed—"Sybil! It *is* Sybil, is it not?" The clasped hands were placed frankly and affectionately in his, and, for a moment, there was an eloquent pause of worldless emotion.

Preparations were making for the wedding, when one morning Sybil received a letter from a young cousin, reminding her of a promise made years before, that she should be her bridesmaid. A shadow crossed the frank, sweet face of our heroine when she read this epistle. "I am so sorry," she exclaimed, as she placed it in her lover's hands.

"I see nothing to be sorry for, Sybil," said he. "It is a very sweet, simple, affectionate letter, rather too sentimental perhaps; but the love she evidently feels for you would redeem a graver fault than that. Is this her real name—Zephyrine?"

"Oh no! she was christened Nancy, after my aunt; but she adopted this years ago, and insists upon her friends calling her so."

Herbert smiled—"And why do you regret her coming?"

Sybil colored and was silent—but there was an expression of pain on her ingenious face which interested and surprised her lover, and he repeated his question more earnestly.

"I will tell you, Hamilton," she said, raising her eyes to his, "at the risk of being misunderstood. I will tell you frankly, because I think it my duty. My cousin is exquisitely beautiful, and I dread the effect of her beauty upon you."

"Sybil, can you be so weak?"

"I dread it for my own sake, cousin—still more for yours. If you trust her—if you love her, you are lost!"

"Oh, Sybil! her letter is simplicity itself, and she seems to worship you."

Sybil burst into tears.

CHAPTER II.

Heed not her sigh,
'Tis Falsehood's breath;
Trust not her eye,
Belief is death.

It was winter—the wedding was to take place in three weeks. The Stanleys had returned to New York from their country seat, and Herbert one evening was alone in the conservatory attached to Sybil's sitting-room. A Croton fountain played in the centre. He was leaning against a pillar, and gazing down into the marble basin, when suddenly a face, delicately beautiful, smiled from the water and vanished. He started and turned. A slight rustle among the plants, as of some one gliding swiftly away, was all that betrayed the presence of another. He returned to the sitting-room, restless and wondering; but Sybil came in, looking rather plain than usual, and the trouble in that dear face recalled him to himself.

"What ails you, dearest?" he said.

"Nothing!—but—she has come!" said the poor girl in a low voice, then, passionately clasping her hands, she bent an earnest, almost imploring, gaze upon his face.

"Who, Sybil?—who has come?"

"My cousin."

"Zephyrine?"

At this moment the door softly opened, and a light, airy-looking creature—lovely as a dream—stole into the room, sunk upon a footstool at Sybil's feet, and, leaning her head on her cousin's lap, looked up to Herbert through her soft fair curls that fell over her face, and said, in a voice bewitchingly, childishly sweet, and with a naive and simple earnestness of manner—

"Are you my Cousin Hamilton?"

The words were nothing, but the enchanting melody of her tone, the exquisite, childlike grace of her attitude, the ineffable expression of those lovely eyes, all *told* upon his heart, and for a moment he was perfectly bewildered with delight, surprise and admiration. He gazed from one to the other.

"Yes, Zephyrine," said Sybil, very quietly; "this is your cousin, Hamilton Herbert."

The beauty put up a little hand dazzlingly white, drew back the curls from her eyes and said, with an arch smile, "Why don't you ask me how I do?"

Gifted with a rare and peculiar charm, her voice and manner lent a grace to these simple questions which Hamilton knew not how to resist.

With a woman's instinct, Sybil saw that the spell was at work. She dared not remain lest she should betray her feelings, and, coldly releasing herself from Zephyrine's embrace, she left the room.

The young girl remained seated on the footstool at Herbert's feet, and, raising her eyes full of tears to his face, with a touching expression of sorrow, she said—"I wish I knew how to make Sybil love me as I love her. She is so good and so intelligent—so superior to me—she is just such a friend as I need, for I am very wild and inexperienced. I want some one to guide me and to teach me. But she is always so cold that I am afraid of her. I lost my mother when I was very young, and I do a thousand things I ought not to do—will *you* be my friend, Cousin Hamilton?"

There was no resisting this appeal—so artless, so confiding, so tender. Hamilton replied to it with affectionate fervor, and the cousins were sworn friends from that hour.

"Do go away, child," exclaimed Zephyrine, and her delicate cheek flushed with anger as she spoke, for little Willie, Sybil's brother, attracted by her beauty, had climed the sofa by her side, and was stroking her lovely hair. "Go and play—do, I can't bear children." Willie gazed at her for a moment, with his large eyes full of sorrowful wonder, and then slowly returned to his playthings on the rug at Sybil's feet.

A well-known step was heard on the stairs. Zephyrine sprung from the couch, and, flinging her fairy form on the floor by his side in the most picturesque manner imaginable, began to caress the boy with great apparent fondness.

"What a charming tableau!" said Herbert, as he entered. "Isn't it, Sybil?"

"Very," she replied, with a slight curl of her graceful lip.

Herbert looked surprised and displeased at her tone, but Willie withdrew from Zephyrine's embrace, and, nestling close to his sister, said simply, "Just now, cousin, you pushed me away from you, and said you couldn't bear children, and I don't want you to play with me if you don't love me."

The discomfited beauty colored, but exclaimed, "Willie! what a fib you are telling!"

"Sister," said Willie, "what does 'fib' mean?"

"It means an untruth, dear."

"But I have not told an untruth, Sybil."

"No, darling."

Zephyrine hid her face in her hands, and *seemed* to be weeping—her sweet voice faltered as she exclaimed, "Oh, Sybil, how unkind you always are to me! You know I was only in play when I pushed Willie."

Sybil was silent and the beauty sobbed audibly. Hamilton, touched by her sorrow, could not help saying,

"You are indeed ungenerous, cousin. Do you not see that you have deeply grieved her?"

Sybil resolutely shut her eyes to hide her tears that anguish forced into them, and, with a slight quiver of her lip, bent over her work—but Willie, with the instinct of a loving heart, felt that she was suffering, and, springing into her arms, put his round her neck. "Let us go up stairs away from them," he whispered.

And again Herbert was left alone with his dangerous companion, and again was he beguiled into sympathy and confidence by the alluring grace and pleading tenderness of her manner.

Thus it went on—the lovers gradually and almost imperceptibly estranged from each other, and Zephyrine winding herself like a beautiful serpent around the heart of her victim.

One evening she tripped into the room where Herbert and Sybil were sitting, dressed for a fancy ball, in the becoming costume of a Sicilian boatwoman. Her beautiful hair, partly confined by a net whose crimson tassels mingled on her cheek with a rich profusion of golden curls—the small black hat placed coquettishly on one side—the short, full, grey petticoat, striped with red—the bodice of green velvet—the little dainty slippers, with crimson lacings crossed and recrossed over her delicate ankles, and the light, shining over, which she held with graceful ease—the whole was exquisitely picturesque. She was singing gaily a boat-song, as she came in, and Herbert, more than ever enchanted, playfully joined in the chorus.

Oh! share my bark!—the night is dark,
And wild the wintry weather;
And Love will light his taper bright,
We'll gaily row together!

"Cousin Hamilton, I came to persuade you to go to the ball with me. You are not obliged to be in costume—do come! there's a dear cousin!" and, leaning on his arm, she looked up coaxingly in his face.

"Sybil," said Herbert, hesitatingly.

"Do not hesitate on my account, cousin," said Sybil, proudly.

Herbert went, and, on his return home at night, found in his room a letter, which almost brought him to his senses.

"Dear cousin—It is time I should free you from an engagement, which is evidently a restraint to your heart. I do it cordially. Farewell! and may God be with you! Your sincere friend, "Sybil Stanley."

Such was the letter which the proud girl wrote to her lover, but the following lines, written in a journal and blotted with tears, are a better transcript of her feelings at the time.

Go, then, forever! since your heart
Can stoop to one so light, so vain,
Though Hope must perish if we part,
With calm resolve I break the chain
Go, then, forever at the shrine
Of Beauty bend that noble brow,
Pour forth the love *I* dreamed divine
And more than music wild Passion's vow

Yes, yes! her eyes are stars of night—
Her cheek, a rose in dainty bloom—
Her radiant smile, the morning's light—
Her sigh, the violet's soft perfume.

Go, then, forever! leave the soul
From which your lightest look or tone—
As zephyr o'er the air-harp stole—
Could wake a music all your own.

Leave, leave me with my breaking heart—
If Grief would let me, I could smile,
To see an idle toy of art,
So grand a soul as yours beguile.

But when, through Beauty's veil of light,
You seek in vain for Feeling's fire,
Remember one—whose day is night—
Who breaks, for you, her heart and lyre!

Herbert came the next day to remonstrate with Sybil—whom he still loved—to own his momentary infatuation and to implore her to forgive it; but he had hardly seated himself to await her coming, when Zephyrine, in her childish morning dress, looking fresh and sweet as a rose-bud, came dancing into the room, and, seeking his look of sadness, flew to his side, laid her light hand upon his forehead and asked, in a voice of touching tenderness, if he were ill. With a moment's struggle, Herbert yielded once more to the strange charm of the little enchantress. Poor Sybil was again forgotten, and Zephyrine was listening, "with downcast eyes and modest grace," to a fervent declaration of love, when a voice, which made her start with clasped hands from the half embrace in which he held her, was heard in the hall.

"'Tis he!—he has come!" she exclaimed.

"He! Who? What do you mean, Zephyrine?"

"Hush!" said the little actress, placing her finger on her lovely mouth, in a listening attitude.

A young, dissipated-looking man entered the room.

"How are you, Zeph?" said he, coolly drawing her toward him, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek.

"Oh! Charles! I am so glad you have come at last! I have been so unhappy! Why did you stay so long? Mr. Murray, Mr. Herbert."

It was evidently an engagement. With one reproachful look to the beautiful coquette, whose only reply was a light laugh and a graceful but saucy shake of the head, Herbert left the lovers to themselves.

Sybil had long ago discovered the utter heartlessness—the consummate duplicity of Zephyrine's character. She had known more than one noble heart victimized by her fascinating arts, and had therefore dreaded her power upon Herbert. She was aware of, but had thoughtlessly promised to keep secret, her engagement to Murray, who was a handsome, good-natured, but shallow-brained and shallow-hearted youth, very rich and very dissipated.

The reader must guess if Sybil forgave her lover. I can only say that the last time I saw her, she was smoothing, with a mother's care, the silken curls of a beautiful little girl, whose dark eyes were very like those of a certain wight we wot of by the name of Hamilton Herbert.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, FOR MAY.

Roll on, roll on, thou "melancholy sea,"
That bearest on thy breast my love from me;
I stand beside thee, and I gaze upon
The fading vessel that will soon be gone
Oh! bear him safely, though away from me;
Rage not in storms, but murmur tranquilly:
Make him remember her who thinks on him,
And weeps, and watches, till her eyes grow dim—
Thou melancholy sea!

Blue sea, I chide thee not, though I am sad,
And all in mournful hues thy waves seem clad;
But once I loved the surging billows spray,
And thought their music ever blithe and gay;
Now I am sorrowful, and in thy moan
I think I hear a drowning sailor's groan;
Thy waters leap on high, but seem to me
To sing of shipwreck with a fiendish glee—
Thou melancholy sea!

Roll on, roll on, ye light and sportive waves,
Ye look not as ye roll'd o'er sailors graves:—
And I do smile, and jest, and gaily sing,
To hide the deep-felt pang my heart doth wring
Like thee, blue sea, beneath a smiling face,
I bear deep anguish none may haply trace;
A careless mien and jesting tongue may hide
Griefs, like sunk rocks beneath thy swelling tide—
Thou melancholy sea!

Bear on that barque, and take her safe to port,
Change not to rudeness thy now graceful sport
In fervent prayer I kneel upon thy shore,
For blessings on the form I see no more
Blue ocean! parting those who love so well,
What wonder if thy roar should seem a knell?
Too oft thou rollest o'er a cherished head,
Too oft our lov'd ones find an ocean bed—
Thou melancholy sea!

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

GRANDFATHER BRAY.

BY MISS EMILY E. CHUBBUCK.

Dear lady—thou that reclinest so gracefully upon you sofa I mean—lady, for a moment close thine eyes upon that handsome volume, though its dress of gilded morocco was certainly donned on purpose to be pressed by thy dainty fingers, and the printed words may make thy heart palpitate almost as much as did the whispered ones of the giver. Nay, turn them not upon the brilliant chandeliers, nor the voluminous folds of crimson that shut in the rich, warm light, flecking the heavy drapery with changing gold and purple; nor let them fall upon the soft, yielding carpet, almost yielding enough to bury up thy tiny slippered foot. No, no; shut out for a moment all these things; I would turn thine eyes to a homelier quarter. Dost see that comfortable old farm-house, lady—that with the generous court-yard, broad kitchen garden and ample out-houses? How trig and nice every thing is about it, although the season of verdure is quite passed! Look at the ricks of hay, raising their conical heads down in the meadow, and the neat stone wall that surrounds the orchard—speak they not of thrift? Ay, that they do; but they speak of a thing that is passed, so far as the owners of the farm-house are concerned. Yet we will not dwell upon that now. That lofty well-sweep, resting its tip against the lower horn of the moon, is certainly one of the most aspiring of the kind; but it has labored faithfully in the cause of temperance for many a long year. This is one of the finest wells in all the country round. Wouldst test it? Close within the curb rests the gray old bucket, and it is a right merry feat to fill it to the brim with the clear sparkling fluid—that mossy brim, that when the October sun shone was as soft as thine own lip, lady. It is a cold, frosty night; so let us take a peep within the farm-house. The stranger's foot was ever welcomed here. The crackling wood fire blazes brightly in the huge fire-place, and sends its cheering rays to the farthest extremity of the room, quite overpowering the light of the mould candle that stands upon the oaken chest of drawers. The cross beams overhead are set off with festoons of dried fruit, interspersed with bunches of herbs; and a swing shelf, suspended with bits of leather attached to the ends, is loaded down with useful books and waste newspapers. The axe has been brought from the wood-shed, and leans against the wall behind the door; above this hangs a hand-saw, parallel with the top of the broom handle; and, higher still, an old musket, with rusty barrel and broken lock, rests in honored peace from the labors of '76. Articles of wearing apparel, varying from the heavy lion-skin overcoat to the red flannel blanket, to suit the wants of different individuals, range along the walls, appropriating the goodly number of nails and pegs with which every prominent piece of timber is garnished. Cherry tables and wooden chairs occupy a due space. A large house dog, under one of the former, rests his nose on his two fore paws, and looks about him very knowingly, and three or four complacent cats occupy as many of the latter as they can conveniently appropriate. The floor is bare, but it is scarcely less white than the carefully scoured churn, from which a girl of sixteen is pouring the bubbling milk, that but a few moments since mingled with the flakes of golden-hued butter, now transferred to the snowy bowl. That old lady in the corner opposite, with the gray yarn knitting, and muslin cap, is granny Gray. She is a good deal bent with age; time has ploughed deep furrows in her brow, and taken all the roundness from her cheek; but what a sweet, holy expression is left instead! Love speaks from the midst of paleness, wrinkles and decay; her energies are gone, her vigor is wasted; but love is in her heart—such love as angels *feel*. A girl of eight is beside her, knitting too. She has knotted up the yarn and is "trying a race" with granny. By the table, a boy and girl of ten and twelve are busy at a game of checkers; and the father, that stout-built, honest-faced man, with the newspaper, now and then glances from its columns to the kernels of red and yellow corn jumping about the board. The remainder of the group are grandfather Bray, Mrs. Hunter, the mother of the young folks, and her little son Neddy, grandfather's pet. Grandfather, though the crown of his head is quite bare, and the sides decorated with fleecy locks, is as erect as a grenadier; and if we may judge by present appearances, more to be feared than any son of Mars [illegible] ever trod the field. He is in a violent pa[illegible] a perfect rage. Mrs. Hunter has probably [illegible]ked some great favor, and the old man is angry at her assurance.

"No, no, no!"

"But, father——"

"Silence! I command you, Mary Hunter. Another word, and you are no child of mine. I have said and will abide by it! James Bray shall never step over this threshold till he comes to look upon his foolish old father's corpse; you may let him see that, Mary."

See! the fine figure of the matron cowers, and she raises her clasped hands, as if deprecating her father's anger. Now she sinks back upon her chair, rocks to and fro, and tries to stifle her sobs in the folds of her neat-checked apron. Mr. Hunter seems to have lost his interest in the newspaper and the game too; a cloud comes over his bluff good-humored face, and he springs to his feet with an angry exclamation. He checks himself, however, and stalks across the room in dogged silence. The faces of the young people grow anxious, even to paleness, and the beautiful child standing at his grandfather's knee retreats behind him, looking out from the shelter of the high-backed arm-chair, with distended eyes and parted lips. Granny Bray alone dares to speak. With her shaking, withered hand, she draws a pair of silver-mounted spectacles from eyes meek, soft and dove-like, though the haze of age has almost obscured their brilliancy, and her gentle, tremulous tones cannot fail to remind us of the "still, small voice" hushing the tempest.

"Jacob, the sin of anger leads to other sins; you are unjust in your own flesh and blood. Poor Mary has been an obedient child to us for more than thirty years, and it is ungrateful to treat her so."

"Then why does she fret me?" And the old man, as he speaks, flings a relenting glance upon the matron. "I am sure I think as much of Mary as you do. Eh, Neddy?" He is sorry that there is any cause for disagreement, and that is why he stoops to caress the little fellow who, re-assured by the natural tone of his voice is already tugging at his coat tail. "Don't grandpapa love mother, Ned?"

"Yes, but you don't love uncle James, grandpapa, you know you don't; and that is just as wicked as ever it can be."

The old man starts as though a wasp had stung the hand laid upon the boy's head. Now his voice is changed! "Go to your mother, sirrah!"

But the brave little fellow is not quite ready to obey; he has not had his say out. His clear gray eye does not blench, as it is fixed on the face of the angry old man, and his voice rings out like a silver bell. There is a touch of the grandfather's own spirit.

"Do you hate me, too, grandpapa, because I look like uncle James?"

"Neddy, Neddy!" exclaims the mother, in consternation, "you are a very naughty boy, Neddy; come, come away to bed!"

The old man answers not, but his heavy tramp, as he stalks about the room, betokens a gathering storm. Only one can stay its fury, and that is the faithful being, chosen in rosy youth from a bright throng; his soother in adversity, his nurse in sickness, his counsellor in perplexities, his companion, and never-failing friend through all the vicissitudes of a long life. She now drops her knitting upon the table, quite forgetting that she is not in the *seam-needle*, and hobbling forward, places her hand upon his arm.

"Take down your Bible, Jacob; consult that; your own heart is deceitful."

"They teach even their children to taunt me, Ann," but the old man's manner is comparatively gentle.

"No, no, Jacob; there you are wrong again; children will be children, and Mary and Hunter are not to blame, if Neddy is now and then saucy to you. You play with him so much that you ought to expect it."

"I ought to expect it from the face he carries!"

"Poor James was the most dutiful of sons." The old lady sighs as though the involuntary tribute came from a full heart.

"Dutiful!"

"Father," says Mary, "you have often told us that brother James was the kindest and best child you ever had. Don't you recollect how he nursed you through that long fever and——"

"And how he wheedled me out of all my hard earnings, and made me a beggar in my old age, owing the roof that shelters me to the charity of strangers, and dependent for my bread on one who has not a drop of my blood in his veins! Is that what you would say, Mary? Thank God, I have yet a roof above me! *He* would have turned me into the streets, but strangers—thank God that I *have* a roof, and that, I swear by"——

"Jacob, Jacob!" interposed the mild voice of granny Bray, "say nothing you will be sorry for; you are in a passion, Jacob, and no good comes of anger."

"Father." This is the deep bass of Hunter, who has till now remained silent. "Father, just now you spoke of being dependent; you know Mary and I are glad to be with you, and right proud to make you feel comfortable."

"Dear heart!" What a grateful glance accompanies the old lady's exclamation, "Jacob, we have the best children in the world!"

"All but one, all but one." This is not all that the old man mutters between his teeth; but perhaps it is as well that we do not hear the rest.

"And he is good, too. Nay, Jacob, listen; James is our first-born; he was our pride in the days of our strength, before we knew how foolish and sinful it was to lay up our treasure upon earth. He has taken care of us, and comforted and watched over us; to be sure we leaned upon a broken reed, but that was our own fault; a better child never lived. He has met with misfortunes, and you cannot forgive him for it; how can you expect to be forgiven?"

"I *do* forgive him; I told minister Dean so; but I never will see him—never, while I have strength to shut the door against him!"

"It does strike me, sir, that this spirit is not befitting a man of your years and profession," interposed the bass voice, bluntly.

"It is not for you to call me to account, John Hunter, unless, indeed—"

"Do not say it, do not say it, father;" whispered Mary, crouching on the floor beside him, and folding her arms over his knees, "Hunter is a lion when he is aroused, and you and he must be kind to each other."

"For your sake, Moll; you are a good girl, and I must humor you, if only because you are the baby."

Peace seems to be restored, and we will retire, lady, while I explain in a few words the scene.

Grandfather Bray was now verging on his eightieth winter, and his son James (himself a grandfather) was scarce twenty-five years his junior. When James first married he lived at the homestead and cultivated the farm, and, as one after another of the children made for themselves homes in the neighboring towns, his situation only seemed the more permanent. At last, Mary, the youngest child, left the paternal roof, and James and his kind family were more necessary to the old people than ever. The farm yielded a comfortable support for all, and there was no reason why it should not continue to do so; but the demon of speculation entered the honest, sensible head of James Bray. The title-deed of the farm had been his for several years; he rashly risked it and lost. Through the generosity of creditors his father received a life-lease of the house and garden; but what was this to the sturdy old farmer, who had all his life long gloried in fertile fields and overflowing granaries? His very mind was narrowed down—his faculties cramped by thinking upon his diminished fortunes, and they burst forth in anger. While the old lady raised her eyes meekly and wondered what her poor grandchildren would do, he only raised his voice to animadvert on what had been done. He declared that he was cajoled, cheated, swindled, and he would not bear it. The more unreasonable his anger became, the more fire it gathered, for indignation always increases in inverse ratio to its righteousness. It was soon found necessary for James to seek another dwelling, and this was a much sorer trial to poor granny Bray than the loss of property. James had more of his mother's spirit than his father's, and it was a sorrowful thing for him to part in anger from his beloved sire. When Mary Hunter took her place by the sacred old hearth-stone, he whispered in her ear, "Never cease persuading till you have made peace; my conscience tells me that I have been foolish and imprudent, wickedly greedy and covetous of this world's goods; and my father's anger will weigh heavily upon me until it is withdrawn." And so Mary's pleading voice was often heard, but it only increased the old man's irritability.

This was the night before *thanksgiving*, and, to all, the children and grandchildren were the d[illegible] in the thanksgiving merry-making at and ple[illegible] old homestead. And Mary pleaded would bre[illegible] and cried as though her heart vain. Than[illegible] when she found her pleadings in heavily passed[illegible] giving came and went, but Granny Bray said [illegible] day at the farm-house. [illegible] he like had never been known since the fun[illegible] of poor little Jemmy—the bravest and fairest [illegible] clared, of all her grandchildren, had ever since [illegible] had done their best to make the festival joyous, but no joy was there. Even the young children missed the familiar faces of their cousins, and looked thoughtful in the midst of their amusements. The feast was spread, and it had never been more sumptuous, but nothing seemed as in former times; the soul of the feast was wanting. The love, the unity of feeling that had consecrated it since the now outcast son sat on his father's knee, a baby, had been rudely jarred, and the house of feasting was tuned to one of mourning. Weeks passed by, and Grandfather Bray was as positive and unyielding as ever. It was in vain that the sweet, tremulous tones of his wife preached the duty of forgiveness. "*I have forgiven him*," was the uniform reply, "but I never will forget." Still the old man's stubborness made him miserable, and granny Bray, in kindness (whether judiciously or not is another matter) ceased not to tell him of it every day.

As New Year's day approached a feeling exceedingly uncomfortable seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the old farm-house. It was a festival that had been almost as religiously observed as thanksgiving; and, should it now be neglected? Grandfather Bray wished that it might, and looked about him for a reason, but none presented itself. As the merry anniversary drew near, even the very clouds and sunshine seemed to have an inkling of the old man's state of mind and to conspire against him. There was a heavy fall of snow on the night of the twenty-eighth; on the twenty-ninth the roads were somewhat blocked up, and grandfather was inclined to think them quite impassable; indeed he more than hinted that none but madmen would venture out for at least a week to come. On the thirtieth, however, sleighs flitted here and there like little fairy boats on a sea of foam; and such a day as the thirty-first was an era in the life of pleasure-lovers. The sleighing was a perfect marvel. Oh, how the horses pranced! and *such* a jingling of bells! It was enough to turn the whole world of young folks into Robin Goodfellows and make the most withered heart dance within the bosom. And hearts *did* dance, and were mirrored in dancing eyes, and sat upon warm, loving lips, and rang out in glad young voices; ay, winter though it was, the earth was radiant with beauty and the air vocal with a music far more joyous than the gush of melody from a summer woodland. The last sun of the old year set in a flood of golden light, and grandfather Bray's heart sank within him. The bevy of try-to-be-happy faces haunted him; he was sure he could not endure another day like the gloomy thanksgiving, yet not even a cold had he been able to muster, to confine him to his room. The old man's face grew longer as the evening deepened; but as no one appeared to observe him he had no excuse for being surly, and was only sad.

What a bright morning was that of the New Year! the air was pure and bracing, and a gay, dazzling sunlight played merry pranks with inclined snow-flakes and pendant icicles, and decked old, withered trees in a gayer garniture than that of spring. Granny Bray, with her usual placid smile, donned her newest muslin cap and folded her whitest 'kerchief across her bosom, and then sat down to her knitting in the corner. Mr. Hunter went about his usual morning avocations, but with the unusual alacrity; his wife took another look at the pies of pumpkin and mince meat, the dough-nuts and cookies and gingerbread, and then turned to a whole table full of featherless bipeds waiting to be roasted; while the children busied themselves in making ready, in their own way, for a whole troop of expected cousins. Grandfather Bray stumped about the house and barn, and up and down the nice path cut through the snow to the road, then drew on his Sunday coat and made a desperate attempt at cheerfulness. But all would not do; his heart was troubled. Just as the clock was on the stroke of nine, a pretty pony dashed up to the door with a light vehicle of a somewhat unique pattern, the self-same little *jumper* that grandfather had assisted the two boys of his banished son in contriving and making. The reins were held by his own favorite grandson, and by Charley's side, all hooded and cloaked, sat his young sister Lucy, ready to spring from the sleigh the moment it stopped. "Cousin Lucy! cousin Lucy!" shouted the noisy children, and before she reached the gate they were all around her, and little Eddy had half precipitated her into the snow-drift in the attempt to jump astride her neck. "How glad we are to see you, cousin Lucy!" and "Did grandfather invite you to New Year's, cozzy?" and "Is uncle James coming?" were among the questions and exclamations poured upon the little maiden as she proceeded to the house. Even Charley, who kept his station in the sleigh, was for the moment forgotten; but it was only a moment. Eddy turned back to him, and with a delighted scream accomplished the feat he had attempted with Lucy, and the children, attracted by the noise, gathered around the funny little *jumper*, leaving Lucy, with her eldest cousin, on the threshold.

"Does grandfather love me yet?" she whispered in Julia's ear.

"I don't know," and Julia shook her head, as though she would have added, "you wouldn't think he did."

"Then he never speaks of me?" inquired the child in a still softer tone.

"Poor grandfather!" sighed Julia Hunter, and "Poor grandfather!" echoed Lucy Bray, "poor dear grandfather! it must make him unhappy, not to love everybody, he was always so good."

By this time the door turned on its hinges and Lucy stepped into the capacious kitchen, where you and I went, lady, the night before thanksgiving. Grandfather was trying to busy himself over a newspaper, but Lucy's quick eye detected the failure, for it was upside down.

"A happy New Year, grandfather!" she said, in a cheerful tone, and the old man, though he raised his hand and drew back his head, could not prevent the dewy, red lips from meeting his.

"You are cold, Lucy," he attempted to say, in an indifferent tone, but his voice sounded husky and unnatural, and he was ashamed to trust it. The meeting between granny Bray and her little granddaughter was a loving one, but the child soon turned away from the dear old lady to one who, notwithstanding his faults, was none the less dear.

"I didn't come to stay, grandfather, for I know that it would spoil your New Year's to have anybody here that you don't love; but I *did* want to bring you some of my socks and mittens, you liked them so much last winter. Don't you remember, grandfather, that first pair of mittens? how they twisted, and the stripes went all askew? And then how you laughed at me and put both my hands into one and tied them fast? But the next pair was done to a charm—don't you recollect? Now, look here, grandfather!" and Lucy began to display the contents of her basket. Grandfather, however, did not look. There was a slight redness about his eyes and a nervous twitching at the corner of his mouth, but what principally prevented him from looking was the extreme difficulty he had in finding his way into his pocket, though his only object seemed to be

to force an entrance; for when he had accomplished the feat he withdrew his fingers and tried again. In the meantime Lucy had produced from her basket a neat muslin cap, and granny Bray's snowy head was bared to try the effect of her pretty present. For thirty years her caps had been made by the same hand, and she was sure that no one could suit her but the elder Lucy.

"Tell your mother," said the old lady, "that it was very kind in her to think of us, and especially to-day, when we have done the same as to shut the door upon her. Your mother is a good woman, Lucy, and you are a good child."

"Her mother's child," said the old man, struggling with a whole throatful of emotion.

Lucy turned her full eyes upon him; then they brimmed over, and twining her arms around the old man's neck, she buried her face in his bosom and sobbed, "My father's child, and yours, dear grandfather; you cannot cast me off!"

The shaking arms closed about her, as if declaring they did not wish to cast her off, and the old man threw a troubled glance upon the floor. It was the last place to gain firmness; for there stood the basket, with the hose and mittens that nobody but Lucy and her mother could knit just right; and upon the top lay a pair of cloth slippers, so comfortable that his feet felt a strong inclination to creep into them at once. How he had wanted just such a pair of slippers! and how granny and Mary, and Mary's daughter, Julia, had fretted over them, and at last succeeded in producing a pair that would fit the hoofed foot of—of anything that has such feet, much better than the pedal extremities of any human being. But there was one thing about them that troubled the old gentleman more than all the rest. The soling was the handiwork of James. There could be no mistake about it; James was ingenious and economical, and he had always done such things. Grandfather Bray drew the back of his horny hand two or three times across his eyes, and his aged partner knitted away very earnestly, having—not the tact; oh, no, the old lady was far from being celebrated for skill in that line—but the genuine kindness of heart, to forbear speaking. Prying eyes overthrow a vast amount of good in this world. Honest hearts don't like to be looked into, and spied out, and commented upon, much better than dishonest ones. Emotion of all kinds is a sacred thing, and the man who loves to display it, has the counterfeit. Grandfather Bray never was in terfeited; it was unnecessary, for he did was possession of the true coin. All moment he done bluntly and honestly. For the moisheld in his breath and winked evidences of ture from his eyes; but the meltingly from love and carefulness looked out of by-gone the child's little basket, within his arms, days; and the precious devotion, was too close quivering all over with a softening influence to his heart not to exert it upon it.

"God bless you, Lucy!" at last the old man broke forth. "Hush your sobbing, child; hush! There, there, my little puss, be quiet now, and you shall have everything your own way. Children are so wilful now-a-days! Do you hear, pussy? everything your own way."

"Grandfather! my—do you mean"——

"Mean! to be sure I do; mean a great many things! Hop down from my knee. Crying children should never kiss; you've sprinkled my face all over with your tears; and grandfather, thinking he had by this last remark proved the impossibility of any of the tears being exclusively to himself, rolled the bewildered came from his arm and hurried to the door.

"Hunter! John Hunter! How d'ye do, Charley! come here, my boy! we are to have grand times to-day, and you and I must do the little odd jobs, you know. Hunter, harness the horses to the big sleigh and—hem!—go over to the corners and bring—ahem!—bring James Bray, and all the family—all of them, remember, Hunter; down to the cat, if Billy has a notion."

Off started the overjoyed son-in-law with a skip-hop-and-jump step, that made the children send up a merry peal of laughter exactly suited to the gaiety of the morning; and grandfather Bray joined in the merriment, though very far from certain that it was not at his expense. Lucy had heard the command, and she now had both hands clasped about grandfather's arm, with her sweet, sunny face upturned and looking into his, while Charley expressed his joy by leaping over the fence and back again three times successively.

Lady, if you *could* have looked in at grandfather Bray's that day! if you *could* have heard the stale joke applauded, as though that moment coined! and seen the mirthful faces (to say nothing of the steaming meats and smoking gravies) and heard the long, loud peal that shook the rafters, mingling with the silvery tones of childhood! If you *could* have seen and heard all this, I do not say you would have envied that joyous party, but you would have wondered that all the rest of the world did not envy them. And Lucy clapped her small, dimpled hands and skipped and frisked about like a little kitten; and Neddy declared that grandfather only hugged him the closer when they all said he looked like uncle James. Not a word was said of forgiveness, on either side, for when the heart has done its work, words are weak things; but nevertheless words did pass; words of care and consideration, and they were appreciated.

You will wonder, lady, that I have taken you to such a common place and told you such a very common story, and I can scarcely answer why. It must be that you have kept all *home feelings* pure and sacred; the chain of love that passes around *your* hearth-stone, can never have been tarnished by the breath of an unjust or unforgiving spirit. Lady, pardon me; my story was intended for unreasonable old men like grandfather Bray, and resentful people unlike his son James, and I am sorry to have detained you so long. Of course the fire on your domestic altar never burns dim, and you are too gentle and loving to stand up in unbending coldness, because you happen to be in the right. Would that all were like you, lady!

Agricultural.

THE VINE.

The cultivation of the grape is coeval with the race of man. Traces of its history are discoverable in the records of every ancient nation. We read of Noah *beginning to be a husbandman, and* PLANTING A VINEYARD, Gen. IX. 20. Egypt defied its first cultivators; and in later, but now vastly distant times, Bacchus and his brutal sattelites became the disgusting patrons of its prostituted virtues. Humboldt is of opinion that the original plant, from which the European stock has been derived, grows wild on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and that from thence it passed into Greece, and successively into Sicily and the south of France from whence it was carried by the Romans into Germany and Britain. It continued to flourish in England till the thirteenth century, when large vineyards were planted, and soon became common over the country. Large quantities of wine were manufactured, and formed the common drink of the country, till after the Reformation; it was superceded by ale, when the vineyards were suffered to go to decay. Grapes are cultivated over the whole of the temperate, and part of the tropical zones of the northern hemisphere. Different nations have different methods of training the vine; some upon horizontal trellis-work, others in festoons between upright poles, and others again fasten them to the face of a wall. The Persian vine-dressers train it up the surface of a wall, and to curl over the top to the other side, which they do by tying a stone to the end of the tendril. This may probably illustrate Jacob's blessing upon his darling son, Genesis, XLIX, 22: "Jacob is a fruitful bough by a wall, whose branches run over the wall." The vine, particularly in Turkey and Greece, is frequently made to encircle a well, which it shades in a very picturesque and agreeable manner. The vine lasts to a great age, and frequently grows to an enormous size. A tree, remarkable for both particulars, is now growing at Hampton Court; it covers an extent of sixteen hundred and ninety-four feet, and seldom bears less than two thousand bunches annually. The different sorts of vines are almost as various as the places in which they grow. Among the Romans, Virgil declares, "the number of vines was so great, that a man might as well attempt to count the sands upon the sea shore, or the billows of the ocean in a storm, as make a catalogue of them."

Upwards of eight thousand tons of raisins are annually exported into England, at a duty of about £160,000. The currants of the grocers' shops, of which nearly six thousand tons are yearly consumed in England, are small grapes, chiefly the produce of the Ionian Islands.

GREEN AND DRY WOOD.—A cord of wood whilst green, is said to contain 1443 pounds of water, or one hogshead and two barrels. Let every farmer who hauls wood to market, remember that when he transports it green, he is carrying that weight and quantity of water on his load, which, if he had suffered his wood to remain after it was cut till it was suitably seasoned, he might save from the burden of his oxen or horses, or pile upon the top of it three-fourths of a cord of seasoned pine, and yet have no heavier load than the green cord alone weighed.—*Maine Cultivator.*

TO EXTRACT OIL OR OTHER GREASE.—Take some common magnesia—not the calcined—scrape off a small portion and rub it on the grease spot. Let it rest half an hour, then brush it lightly off and rub on some fresh magnesia. Repeat this several times till the grease disappears entirely.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It affords us great gratification to record the concurrent testimony of our city physicians, that Philadelphia is enjoying a season of sound health, greater even than at this season could be expected. With this the joyful aspect of business, the abundance of money, the upward tendency of stocks and ..., the restoration of peace and quiet, ... unite to put all of us in brightness of the ... To be sure there are some here in good ... are drawbacks—but as we have ... recent ... intimated the calm after a storm have al... even though the storm may have ... is ... a little.

Families and lonely young and old bachelors ... beginning to drop such words as "Newport," "Cape May," "Saratoga" and the "Virginia Springs," in their conversation, and as from certain indications by way of earnest of what is coming, the Summer promises to be hot "by spells," if not unremittedly, we may look for a pretty general flitting, as soon as the dictates of fashion and the arrangement of business will admit. Whatever may be done at the more distant watering places, it is pretty certain that Cape May is to have more than its usual number of Philadelphia visitors this season; and the promulgation of this fact abroad will bring a fuller representation of other States and cities. Great preparations have been made since the last season, for the accommodation of visitors; many private cottages have been erected, and the worthy hosts have increased the public accommodations. If there should happen to be a jam, no matter. It gives a picnic-ish variety which is quite pleasant, to be put to a little inconvenience, on a pleasure jaunt.

Talking of pic-nics, the schools and other parties are daily making the delightful summer resorts in our vicinage vocal with the cheerful and happy jabber of youth and childhood. This is to be a great pic-nic season—it is indeed already. As to the more accessible spots to which parties of two or more may start impromptu, they are thronged daily.

The religious and other anniversaries celebrated at this season have just closed; and the reader will notice that we have devoted a portion of this day's paper to as full notice of their doings as our space would warrant. The presence of the delegates has given great interest not only to the meetings to which they were deputed, but to the usual religious exercises in our many churches.

Under the local head, will be found quite a list of arrests growing out of the late disturbances,—a part and a part only of the first fruits —to be followed by long and vexatious litigation and anxiety. But we have no disposition to-day to dwell upon a theme so unpleasant.

A terrible calamity it will be observed has visited the great Southern emporium. It is not so severe in the gross aggregate, as it is in the detail of individual suffering. Few, if any of the houses destroyed were valued at more than about $2,000—and a very large proportion are estimated at less than a thousand each. But the owners and tenants of such dwellings are precisely those upon whom such a calamity falls heaviest—the poor, or moderately circumstanced, who in such a calamity lose their all. Systematic efforts to relieve their necessities will not, we trust, be long deferred in our Northern cities. Such occasions as these give opportunity to cement the bonds of union which should never be permitted to pass neglected.

FROM CUBA.

Papers from Havana to May 14, say nothing of the late insurrection, but contain accounts relative to the continued drought and the sufferings of the Peasantry and the poorer classes who are entirely without the means of existence. There having been no rain for many months, all herbage is gone and the fountains and springs entirely dried up. Many of the Peasantry subsist wholly upon the cabbage-tree tops, or royal palms. Preparations have been made to build tanks to catch the moisture which is collected from the night dews, by the roofs of the churches, in the city of Puerto Principe. It was stated, however, that some showers had commenced falling in different parts of the Island.

Considerable alarm was felt in Havana upon the arrival of the United States Ship Vincennes and the brig Somers, on the same day. It was thought that they were sent to demand redress for the murder of the sailor, Murphy, by a sentinel. But the Somers had orders for the Vincennes to go to Pensacola.

Though nothing is said in these last advices relative to the insurrection, yet by previous arrivals it was stated that at Matanzas negroes were daily brought in as prisoners—as also a great many lawyers, engineers of plantations, and coffee planters, charged with complicity, concerned in the several plots before mentioned. Packages of arsenic, over fifty in number, it is stated, have been found concealed by the blacks in the cane-brakes, and in the soldier's garrison bakehouse. A very rich negro, named Charley Blakely, worth $15,000, was taken and cast into prison, it having been discovered that he was to receive the office of Captain General over the forces, if their plan succeeded. He had even gone so far as to send to Paris for a new suit of regimentals. The Captain General, O'Donnell, told him that he would not deprive him of his suit, but that he would wear them at the *Punta*, a place of public execution. In Havana, an order had been given that all free negroes, about 5,000, should leave the Island in fifteen days.

THE PARDONING POWER.

Nothing so defeats the ends of justice as the injudicious granting of pardons, by the officer in whom that right is vested. It cramps the operations of prosecutors—as they feel little disposed to labor for convictions which will probably result in no punishment to offenders; and it encourages crime by fostering the idea that punishment may be escaped by well-directed and importunate appeals for pardon. In some of the States, the sanction of some of the Governor's constitutional advisers or council is necessary. In others, the Legislature have the power; and in others, the Governor's simple will is enough. In all, we fear the error is too often made on that side which, according to mercy the guilty, imposes injustice on the public. Gov. Bartley, the new executive of Ohio, has taken a course which will obviate some of the injury to the public of which we just complain has been made. He has issued the following notice, one like to which we would see adopted in every State

"Before an application to pardon a convict in the Penitentiary will be considered by the Governor, satisfactory evidence will be required by affidavit duly authenticated that public notice has been given for three weeks in a newspaper of general circulation in the county in which the conviction took place, setting forth the offence, the time of the trial and conviction, the length of the term of imprisonment, and the pendency of the application, or the intention to make application to the Governor for pardon; and also, notifying all persons having objections to the exercise of Executive clemency, to make them known in due time, and in a proper manner, to the Governor."

U. S. MINT.

From the official report for 1843, we gather that the operations of the U. S. Mint for that year has greatly exceeded the coinage of any year previous. The production of the mines of the United States, as indicated by the gold sent to the mint to be coined, is also double that of any former year.

The coinage at the principal mint last year, amounted to $8,530,044 20; comprising $4,062,010 in gold, $2,443,750 in silver, and $24,283 20 in copper coins, and consisting of 10,405,233 pieces. The deposits of gold, within the year, amounted to $4,107,807, and those of silver to $2,357,890.

At the New Orleans Branch Mint, the coinage amounted to $4,563,000; comprising $3,177,000 in gold, and $1,386,000 in silver coins, and composed of 4,005,325 pieces. The deposits of gold amounted to $3,138,990 in gold, and $1,384,320 in silver.

The Branch Mint at Dahlonega received, during the year, deposits of gold to the value of $570,090, and its coinage amounted to $582,782 50; composed of 98,452 half eagles, and 36,209 quarter eagles.

The Branch Mint at Charlotte received deposits of gold to the value of $272,064, and its coinage amounted to $287,005; composed of 44,353 half eagles and 26,096 quarter eagles.

The whole coinage in the United States, during the past year, amounts to within a small fraction of $12,000,000, and exceeds, by more than one half, that of any former year. Of this coinage, more than $5,000,000 is in gold; showing a greater proportion to silver than has heretofore been presented.

The Branch Mints at Charlotte and Dahlonega have each coined nearly double the amount which they have reached in any former year, and the New Orleans Mint nearly quadruple.

The following table shows the amount coined at the Mint in this city since its establishment:

From 1793 to 1800,	$2,534,120 27
" 1800 to 1810,	5,971,154 14
" 1810 to 1820,	9,328,479 52
" 1820 to 1830,	18,955,351 63
" 1830 to 1840,	44,472,971 71
" 1840 to 1843, (inclusive,)	10,260,903 27
Total coined at Philadelphia,	$92,403,005 86

At the branch mints there have been coined: At Charlotte, N. C., $954,035; at Dahlonega, Geo., $1,410,420; and at New Orleans, $7,723,443. At the two former places the coinage has been all gold; at New Orleans, half gold and half silver. Of the whole amount coined since the establishment of the Mint, $39,125,688 were in gold, $62,384,684 80 were in silver, and $979,620 96 were in copper. The total number of pieces coined is 284,248,071.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President assembled in Baltimore on Monday, and organized by choosing Hendricks B. Wright, of Pennsylvania, President, with twenty-six Vice Presidents. On the next day, in the forenoon session, it was voted 148 to 116 to adopt the rules of 1832 and 1835, one of which requires that a candidate receive two-thirds of the votes, to receive a nomination. In the afternoon there were seven ballots with the following results:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.
Van Buren,	146	127	121	111	103	101	99
Cass,	83	94	92	105	107	116	123
R. M. Johnson,	24	33	38	32	29	23	21
Buchanan,	4	9	11	17	26	25	22
Calhoun,	[illegible]						
Woodbury,	[illegible]						
C. Stewart,	[illegible]						

On Wednesday, after some preliminary business, the eighth ballot was had, and resulted in no choice. Mr. Van Buren 104, Gen. Cass 114, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, 44, Buchanan 2, and Calhoun 2.

NOMINATION OF JAS. K. POLK AND SILAS WRIGHT.

Mr. Polk was nominated by Mr. Hubbard, of New Hampshire. On the next ballot, every State recorded an unanimous vote for him.

Hon. Silas Wright, of New York, was then nominated for Vice President, receiving all the votes except eight from Georgia; and with nine cheers for the nominations the Convention adjourned.

THE STATE SENATE.

Under the new apportionment law, passed at the session before the last, elections will be held in the following districts, in October next:

City of Philadelphia, one Senator, in place of Mr. Spackman (Whig.)

County of Philadelphia, one Senator, in place of Mr. Penniman (Dem.)

Counties of Schuylkill, Carbon, Monroe and Pike, one Senator, for the term of two years, in place of Mr. Hughes, (Dem.) resigned.

Counties of Susquehanna, Wayne and Wyoming, one Senator, in place of Mr. Dimock, (Democrat.)

Counties of Luzerne and Columbia, one Senator, in place of Mr. Kidder (Dem.)

Counties of Perry and Cumberland, one Senator, in place of Mr. Gorgas (Dem.)

Counties of Franklin and Adams, one Senator, in place of Mr. McLanahan (Dem.)

Counties of Huntingdon and Bedford, one Senator, in place of Mr. Mullin (Whig.)

Counties of Clearfield, Indiana, Cambria and Armstrong, one Senator, in place of Mr. Bigler, (Dem.)

Counties of Allegheny and Butler, one Senator, in place of Mr. Darsie (Whig.)

Counties of Beaver and Mercer, one Senator, in place of Mr. Stewart (Whig.)

Counties of Crawford and Venango, one Senator, in place of Mr. Farrelly (Whig.)

The following Senators hold over:

Democrats.—Messrs. Foulkrod, Enue, Sterigere, Baily, Fegely, Chapman, Champneys, Heckman, Sherwood, Horton, Fyer, Ebaugh, Hill, Black, Wilcox, 15.

Whigs.—Messrs. Crabb, Kline, Quay, Craig, Sullivan, Babbitt, 6.

THE MILITARY.

Too much credit cannot be awarded to the military of this city and county, and to the companies from the interior, for the services which they rendered in the recent emergency; the fullness of their ranks, and the gentlemanly and soldier-like deportment which they exhibited under arms. The excellence of their discipline may be inferred from the fact that so far as known, no complaint has been made by any citizen against the soldiery, or against a soldier—certainly none which is of any moment. Let the reader imagine so large a body of men under other than military discipline, collected for so long a time, at different points, in comparative idleness, and the full weight of this commendation will be perceived. Nor was their duty a mere sinecure; for marching, counter-marching, watching, drilling, and barracking under camp discipline, is a pretty severe task to citizens unaccustomed to such rude fare. Whatever else may be done in relation to the expenses of the riots, we trust the military will be promptly paid—for the utmost compensation allowed by law or precedent, will not begin to make up the actual loss and expense incurred by the volunteer soldiery.

LIBERIA.

At a recent meeting of the managers of the Colonization Society in New York, Governor Roberts, of Liberia, gave the following statements. The purchased territory of Liberia now includes about 80 miles in extent, on the coast, and from 10 to 20 miles in width;—and that they might extend their purchase 125 miles further for the sum of $20,000; which would be regarded as very important in a commercial point of view, as well as for obstructing the slave trade. A regular code of laws has been adopted by the Colonists; three orders of Courts instituted, besides the Justices' Courts; and they are abundantly supplied with lawyers, as well as physicians and clergymen. The state of morals, he remarked, is superior to any community he is acquainted with in New York. Wherever the country had been explored for 200 miles in the interior, some were found to speak English.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.

Accounts from this Island continue to be of the most gloomy character. On the 3rd of May a new President was created, by the Mulattoes, named Guerera, and that the blacks had also a new leader named Pierrot, (from which) the method of fighting with sharp sticks.) Pierrot has taken Aux Cayes, Azuare, Jerimie, and Lascavo, and all the small towns west of Maragone. He has issued a proclamation, in which he stated that as soon as he had raised a sufficient force he should march upon Port au Prince.

The state of things throughout the whole island continues to be beyond parallel, miserable. The people, now conquered by one and now by another petty tyrant, are in momentary danger of massacre, and all hope of an end to these dreadful disturbances seems to have been lost.

A GREAT INSTRUMENT.

A telescope is on its way from Bremen, made for the National Observatory at Washington, which would seem to be truly a monster instrument. The Baltimore Republican says: Some idea of its magnitude may be formed when we state that it is contained in fifteen boxes, three of which are sixteen feet in length. The telescope that is now in use at the observatory, was manufactured by the same opticians, and though not half the size of the one on its way to this country, is of great power. We learn that at a recent trial of its powers, the hands of a watch could be distinguished at the distance of a mile from the observatory, and the name on a small door sign, at the same distance, could be distinctly read. If the power of the new one should bear any proportion to its size, it may be considered a fair rival in transmitting news to Morse's magnetic telegraph.

TEXAS.

Matters seem to stand in statu in relation to Texas, the Baltimore Conventions having taken up the attention of the politicians. There is nothing new except some sharp but courteous firing, by resolution, between the President and the Senate, in relation to resolutions of inquiry—the President contending that the Senate has no right to call on the Department for information, while in Executive session, but must address the President alone. Of course the Senate maintain the opposite opinion.

We observe that Chancellor Kent, of New York, in reply to a letter addressed to him, has expressed the opinion that the President has in this matter so far exceeded his powers as to be liable to impeachment. The note merely states this opinion, without argument or quotation of particular facts or instances. Other eminent jurists may think differently.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

By a very simple process, in the power of every one, water may be kept at a better drinking temperature than ice can make it. The recipe is:

"Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions where ice cannot be produced, this is common. Let every mechanic or laborer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers; the one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air of a warm day; after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold."

GEN. BERTRAND.

The inhabitants of Chateauroux, the native place of Gen. Bertrand, late a traveller in this country, have determined to erect a monument in one of their public squares, in honor of his memory. In Paris a central association was immediately formed in aid of the object, and in New York a committee has also been appointed to receive subscriptions. Mons. C. Picot gives notice that subscriptions will be received in this city, at Messrs. S. Destouets, and E. Durands, and at M. Picot's residence. The only condition attached is that no individual subscription must exceed two dollars. All Frenchmen, and very many Americans, will delight in bearing their share in an enterprise to honor the memory of the first friend of Napoleon.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

We find in the Pottsville Anthracite a statement of a singular event which occurred last week in that borough. The wife of Dr. Brainer "having left her infant child, about six months old, asleep in her chamber, went below to attend to her domestic duties. Upon returning, she found a large cat lying upon the infant's breast, with its head near the child's mouth, as if in the act of sucking its breath. Upon examination, the child was discovered to be dead, having met its death in this most extraordinary manner." This would seem to confirm the old tradition that cats will "suck the breath" of children; but it is to be recollected that the weight of a cat on an infant's breast is sufficient to kill it.

ELECTIONS.

The following table of the times of holding the Fall Elections in the different States may prove convenient for reference:

Louisiana, July 1st; Tennessee, August 1st; North Carolina, August 5th; Alabama, August 5th; Kentucky, August 5th; Indiana, August 5th; Illinois, August 5th; Missouri, August 5th; Vermont, September 3d; Maine, September 9th; Maryland, October 2d; Georgia, October 7th; Arkansas, October 7th; New Jersey, October 8th-9th; Pennsylvania, October 8th; Ohio, October 8th-9th; South Carolina, October 15th; Mississippi, November 4th-5th; New York, November 5th; Michigan, November 5th-6th; Massachusetts, November 11th; Delaware, November 12th.

PAUPERISM.

Under a resolution of the New York Legislature, the Superintendents of the County Poor House, have made returns by which it appears that 47 per cent. of the pauperism of that State is traceable to intemperance, and 5 per cent. to debauchery; making 52 per cent. arising from these kindred vices. About 3 per cent. more is assigned to idleness, which probably partakes in some measure of the character of intemperance, or debauchery, or both. The same proportion no doubt holds true in every State; and if there were no higher motives the principle of economy should operate to discourage these vices.

BISHOP HUGHES.

This prelate, the Roman Catholic Bishop of New York, has written a long letter, in which he denies the charges of interference with politics, &c., which have been alleged against him, and discusses at length the subjects now in agitation in reference to the Roman Church. It is a very long and a very able paper. We cannot find place for the whole, and cannot, indeed, without a departure from impartiality, publish a synopsis, unless we admit as much from the other side. To publish such matter would be to fill the paper with polemics, for which our subscribers did not bargain.

A STEP FORWARD.

A bill has been introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Attenham abolishing imprisonment for debt, under any circumstances. His lordship was loudly cheered throughout his speech, and, as Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, and the Duke of Richmond, spoke in favor of the bill, it will undoubtedly pass by an almost unanimous vote. We trust that the time is not far distant when all laws which punish poverty as a crime, will be wiped from the statute books of all civilized nations. Then the line between fraud and inability will become better defined.

INDIGNATION.

It is stated that the young gentlemen of New Orleans are about to hold an "indignation" meeting, to repudiate the use of sun shades—the grievance being that the ladies, the handsome ones particularly, are thus enabled by such screens to completely hide their faces when walking the streets. The young ladies should hold a counter meeting, and "repudiate" the offers of such brazen faced young men as have compelled the ladies to hide their faces to be screened at such a place. A passing glance at a young lady she does not object to—staring her out of countenance is another story.

MAIL ROBBERS.

We notice the sentences of two mail robbers, one in New York, the other in Savannah. The New York convict, Wm. Hoff, robbed the steamboat at Albany, and was sentenced to five years imprisonment. The other, Lenville Sheets robbed the mail in Warren County, Ga., in December last, and was sentenced to ten years' confinement in the penitentiary. The twin brother, arrested as an accessory after the fact, has not yet been tried, and it is understood there will be no conviction.

TYLER CONVENTION.

The friends of John Tyler, at their Convention, held in Baltimore, nominated the present acting executive as their candidate for the Presidency, and appointed a committee of seven to nominate a Vice President, and announce the nomination.

AN ECCENTRIC LEADER.

Advices from Hayti describe Acaou, the General of the negro party, against the mulattoes as a perfect brute in manners. He is a perfectly illiterate person; but rather unusually for men of his class, dispenses with the customary insignia of office, being habited in a striped jacket and trousers, old chip hat, going barefoot and sporting a large pair of spurs upon his heels! Among other acts of power, he imprisoned two of the original leaders of the insurrection, Gen. Colins and Col. DeGerson. The Haytiens will find such a man worse than Boyer.

A GOOD PROPOSITION.

The Chamber of Commerce of New York, have addressed a circular to each of the members of the House of Representatives, proposing an amendment to the Postage Bill recently passed by the Senate. It suggests that stamps should be issued by the Post Office Department, after the plan adopted in England, where stamped letters are allowed to be conveyed by any person, whether a regular carrier of the mail or not. It strikes us that this proposition would obviate many of the difficulties which attend the adjustment of the Post Office Question.

A HINT.

Bulwer, the novelist, who is about to visit this country, lately declined a public dinner which was tendered him, by his friends and admirers. It is said that his disease is an affection of the heart, and that his physicians recommend the avoidance of every thing like excitement. We hope our literary fledglings will take the hint—not that they are likely to produce any "excitement"—other than the exercise of bowing them out.

THE BARRY CASE.

Another decision has been made in the celebrated Barry case, Judge Betts of New York having decided adversely to Mr. Barry. He intends to carry the case into the Supreme Court of the United States. It will be remembered that Mr. Barry is a Nova Scotian. Mrs. Barry who is a New York lady, refuses to live with her husband, and he has been prosecuting a suit to obtain his child for many years.

GREAT FLOOD.

The Mississippi, the Missouri, and their tributaries are very full, and the mail operations in parts of Arkansas, are suspended on account of the impassibility of the country. Opposite St. Louis, the "American Bottom," in Illinois, was under water on the 18th, and the river still rising. Great apprehensions were expressed, as the freshet already exceeded that of 1836.

ONIONS VS. ATTRACTION.

It has been discovered that the magnetic power of the needle may be entirely destroyed or changed by being touched with the juice of an onion. This is altogether a probable fact, says a wag, as the same effect, it is well known, is produced upon young ladies who use the vegetable.

FALSE ALARM.

On Monday there were all sorts of rumors current of a "revolution in Canada." It proves to be a canal laborers' riot, of less than ordinary consequence, magnified into a large affair, probably by some penny-a-liner, for the purpose of producing a revolution of the nimble sixpence.

FROM GUATEMALA.

Late advices from Guatemala state that a very destructive fire raged in the town of Esquintla, on the afternoon of the 24th of March, which destroyed two hundred houses belonging to the principal inhabitants, many of whom lost all they possessed.

HOW IT WORKS.

A great deal has been said in England as a matter of course, against the cheap postage plan; but experience is arguing by *facts* not assertions in its favor. In the last quarter the income increased thirty thousand pounds.

NEW JERSEY CONVENTION.

The State Convention, for the amendment of the Constitution of New Jersey, have before it a Bill of Rights, drawn up on the most broad and liberal principles. The proceedings throughout have partaken of this character.

Local Intelligence.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

At the meeting of the County Board on Monday, that body appropriated the sum of $3,000, and authorized the County Commissioners to offer rewards for the apprehension and conviction of persons engaged in any act, during the recent riots, which resulted in the loss of life or property. From the debate which took place it appears that without this vote nobody had the authority to offer the reward. The Governor has no power, and the Sheriff none, and until this resolution passed, the County Commissioners had none. One gentleman, Mr. Spackman, voted against the resolution, assigning as a reason his doubt of the power of the County Board to vote the money for such a purpose; but he declared, at the same time, that he was anxious that the reward should be offered.

FLORAL PROCESSION.

Monday last was the day appointed for the Floral Procession of the children connected with the schools of the Sunday School Union; but to make the procession a larger one by the union of other schools with it, it was deferred until Friday of the present week; too late by the way for us to notice to-day.

SENTENCE.—Robert Lewis, convicted on Thursday week of voluntary manslaughter, in causing the death of James Pratt, at the Almshouse, on the 8th of March last, has been sentenced to a term of four years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. This is the case which resulted from a dispute arising out of the reading of a book by the deceased, called the "Siege of Derry." A personal rencontre took place, and a blow was given by the prisoner to Pratt, who was afflicted with a disease of the heart, which produced an excitement of the organ, resulting in death. The blow was unlawful; it was given without the intention to take life, but resulting in death, made the inflictor guilty of voluntary manslaughter

CHURCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.—The number of places of worship in the city and county of Philadelphia is as follows: Baptist, 16; Catholic, 9, (previous to the recent riots, 11) Christian Chapel, 1; Disciples of Christ, 1; Dutch Reformed, 2; Episcopal, 21; Friends, 8; German Reformed, 3; Independent Presbyterians, 1; Jewish Synagogues, 2; Lutheran, 5; Methodist Episcopal, 20; Methodist Protestant, 3; Moravian, 1; Mariners, 2; New Jerusalem, 1; Presbyterian, 31; Unitarian, 1; Universalist, 3; 132. The churches of the colored population are: Methodist, 6; Baptist, 3; Episcopal, 2; Presbyterian, 2; Lutheran, 1—14. Amounting in all to 146.

MELANCHOLY.—We are pained to state that a son of our esteemed friend and townsman, Henry C. Corbit, Esq., was drowned on Saturday, while bathing in the Brandywine, near Wistar's Bridge, with the scholars of the Prospect Hill School. The deceased was near his father's name, was about fourteen years of age, a youth of fine appearance, much beloved, and full of promise of useful manhood. The teacher plunged in to save him, but was unable to find the body, and barely escaped with his own life. The body was afterward recovered.

MEDAL.—Mr. C. I. Pascal has presented to the Wayne Artillery, a massive silver medal, handsomely embossed, ornamented with a wreath of laurel, and bearing the inscription, "C. L. P.'s compliments to Capt. J. P. F.," "Presented to the Wayne Artillery Co., May 23d, 1844." It is to be worn on the Fourth of July, at Wilmington, to which place this corps will then make an excursion.

☞ Collections were taken up in Mr. Chambers' and in other churches on Sunday last, for the benefit of the families of those who fell in the Kensington riots. Collections have also been made by subscription, and individual effort.

ARRESTS.—Since our last the following persons among others, have been arrested and held to bail for trial, charged with participation in the recent riots: Isaac Hare, $5,000; Thos. Gansey, $3,000; George P. Boning, $2,000; Thomas Dougherty, $1,000; David Fields, $500. Two persons are under arrest in $2,500 each, charged with active participation in firing St. Augustine's, but we withheld their names as they are not fully committed, and may not be. Several have also been arrested for using inflammatory language.

ASYLUM FOR LOST CHILDREN.—From the 17th of September to the 18th day of May, 1844, there have been one hundred and twenty-five children brought to the asylum for lost children, No. 19 South Seventh street. Of this number, one hundred and eight were five years of age and under, and seventeen between five and twelve; one hundred and twenty-three were claimed by their parents or guardians; one was sent to the Orphan Asylum in Cherry street, from which it had strayed, and one sent to the Almshouse.

CUSTOM HOUSE.—The imports, into Philadelphia of foreign merchandise and duties thereon for the first quarter of 1844, ending 31st of March, are as follows:—

Imports.

January,	$505,640
February,	326,451
March,	700,305
	$1,532,421

Duties.

On American vessels,	$546,305 00
Equalized and Foreign do.,	22,730 96
	$569,035 96

CONVICTION OF FARKIN.—The trial of John Farkin, a native of Ireland, the clock maker, for the murder of James Lemon, was brought to a close between nine and ten o'clock on Sunday morning, by the jury returning a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. The plea of insanity was set up, but did not avail. The circumstances of this case will be remembered. The dispute was about payment for a clock, and Farkin wounded many persons, beside killing Lemon.

DAMAGES.—The individuals and societies who have sustained injury to their property, by reason of the riots, which commenced in Kensington on the 6th ultimo, have begun to move for the purpose of being reimbursed by the county. Suits have already been instituted to recover damages for the burning of St. Augustine's and St. Michael's churches, and for the property destroyed therewith, belonging to the respective congregations.

BREWERY BURNED.—On Sunday morning about one o'clock, the Brewery lately occupied by Hutchinson & Stump, in Front, below Almond, was destroyed by fire. The premises were partly occupied by Mr. Diehl, for manufacturing mineral water—and a quantity of malt &c. was stowed in the loft, the property of Mr. Sickle. The adjoining buildings were saved with much exertion. Loss about $3,000.

EXEMPLARY DAMAGES.—Miss Sarah Gregory, on Friday last, obtained a verdict of $5,000 in the District Court, against a young man named Peter C. Dollman, who had circulated reports, proved to be maliciously false, against her fair fame. The parties were German, and the verdict shows the light in which the jury viewed the offence.

☞ A Native American meeting was held in Kensington, on Monday, at the old place, corner of Second and Master streets. It passed off without any disturbance or interruption. Among the resolutions passed, was one condemning all interference with the rights of conscience, and denouncing the burning of churches.

STREET RIOTING.—A German named Frederick Felmey, died in this city on Saturday last, from wounds inflicted upon him by some loafers in the street, late on Saturday night week. Verdict of the Coroner's Jury—That the deceased died from injuries received on the head, inflicted by some person unknown.

THE GRAND JURY.—This body has been assiduously engaged investigating the origin and progress of the late riots. A vast amount of testimony has been taken, and much more is about to be offered, and all the facts will be reported by the inquest when they shall have been collected.

A PRETTY SEVERE SENTENCE.—Francis Madden, convicted last week, of assault and battery under circumstances which amounted almost to riot, has been sentenced to an imprisonment of twenty-two months. The prisoner is quite a young man.

☞ A meeting of the stockholders of the Girard Bank, for the purpose of electing Directors, will be held on the 27th of June, in the office, Walnut street above Third. We mention the matter for the benefit of stockholders at a distance.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—Geo. W. Henderson, indicted in Pittsburg was arrested here last week, charged with making and uttering counterfeit U. S. coin. It is to be hoped that an end of this worthless trash has been put in circulation recently.

WHIG MEETING.—A full and enthusiastic Whig meeting was held on Monday evening, in the Chinese Museum, M. L. Bevan, Esq., in the chair. Speeches were made and resolutions passed in favor of the Tariff, and on other subjects.

☞ Mr. Nathan Ramsey, one of the wounded during the Kensington riots, died on Tuesday of his wounds.

MNEMOTECHNY.

We perceive by the New York papers that a committee of literary gentlemen of high standing in that city, have, at Professor G.'s request undertaken to examine the charge of plagiarism, which has been preferred against him. The result will be declared at an early day. M. Gouraud has suffered severely from a now malign affection, which has compelled him to abandon, for a time, the delivery of his lectures.

While upon the subject of Mnemotechny we make an extract from the Mechanics Gazette, of March 26th, 1823—twenty-one years ago. It may interest some of the very large number of persons who are attending to the subject:

"A new system of Chronology made easy for the Memory, by T. Halworth," says the Gazette, "has come under our notice, and is particularly of public patronage, and particularly of the attention of teachers, who pursue the most ready mode of communicating that very important branch in connection with history.

"The student of history has always found it the most difficult part of his labor to acquire, and permanently retain in his memory the dates of historical facts, so as to be able to quote them at pleasure, with certainty and precision. The system before us is so perfectly simple, so easy of comprehension, and so eminently calculated to relieve the intense application of those who seek to become perfect historians, that we recommend it to our readers with confidence, as a most useful and pleasant method of fixing dates and numbers to any extent in the mind, with scarcely a possibility of forgetting them. We speak with more certainty, relative to its merits, as a practical demonstration has been made by the Principal of the Mechanic's Society School, who has introduced this system of Chronology and also some other branches of study upon mnemonic principles with a success truly astonishing.

"We will give a few examples selected from the work, but it will previously insert the author's key consisting of all the consonants of the alphabet.

[illegible]

"After committing the above to memory, a sentence may be formed expressive of the transaction to be remembered, with mnemonical words placed in such a manner, as to be particularly conspicuous. In the following facts the system, which is pursued throughout the work, when plan is pursued throughout the work, with occasionally some peculiarity of phraseology.

"FACTS PREVIOUS TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

"The sun and moon stood still, that Joshua may *a blow make.* The consonants in the last two words give the date, 1454.

The Prophet Jeremiah pays the debt of *nature*—588.

Damon and Pythias proving themselves *great friends*—368.

Pythagoras, as a philosopher, is *mighty*—538.

Euclid flourishes, at whose knowledge the world is *gazing*—300.

Virgil descends into his *cave*—19.

Death causes Livy's pen to *cease*—17.

Horace makes his *exit*—8.

"CHONOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA.

"The discovery of the West Indies, by Christopher Columbus, whose geographical opinions were not *believed*—1492.

The colonists are required to pay a tax on tea, &c., to their *abusers*—1767.

The East India Company's tea rejected at Boston, and into the dock the *cases go*—1773—from the *hold*, (342 boxes.)

The battle at Bennington where General Stark his green mountain *boys uses*—1777.

The treachery of Arnold detected, whose punishment ought to *be shooting*—1780.

Cornwallis with his army captured, and the Americans receive his *best bow*—1781, &c.

"As an additional specimen of the utility of this mode of committing numbers, we will add the following lines which are applied to the science of Astronomy.

The situation of upward of a thousand stars in the heavens, may be easily gathered from the consonants in the italic words; and if any association of each line be made in imagination, with the zodiacal figures in which the stars are grouped, we presume that neither the picture nor its corresponding number will be easily obliterated from the memory. This association is odd we acknowledge, yet it matters very little by what means the recollective faculty is assisted; if the object be obtained, and science become facilitated to our acceptance.

1. A *rope* for Aries, tie him fast;	66
2. A *club* for Taurus like a mast;	141
3. A *chain* may Gem'ni fast unite;	85
4. *Eat hay*, you Crab, for you can bite;	83
5. A *vine* grows where the Lion lies;	95
6. To *be obeyed* Virgo tries;	110
7. A *mob* applauds the honest scale;	51
8. *Look!* Scorpion's sting is in his tail;	44
9. An *ape* in *view* the Archer's prey;	69
10. See *mice* with Capricornus play;	51
11. *Be quiet*, rogues, the Wal'rer cries;	108
12. A *boy* to *beg* the fishes tries;	113

Total number of the stars in the 12 signs, 1016

General News.

EXPLOSION IN THE MINES.—An explosion of fire-damp took place in Miller & Haggerty's mines, at Pottsville, last week, four men and a boy were injured. The miners, having discovered that there was some fire-damp in the breasting they were about to work, allowed a small boy to fire it, thinking that there would be but a slight explosion. But it appears that there was a hole or offset in a working adjacent to the spot, in which a large body of the inflammable matter had collected, and when the lamp was applied, this mass of air exploded and rushed out over their bodies. The men, being accustomed to such scenes, threw themselves upon their faces, and the volume rolled over them without injuring them very seriously, but the boy was severely burned.

PARDONS.—It is understood, that, at the instance of Mr. Everett, the Minister of the United States, at London, her Brittanic Majesty's Government has recently pardoned ten of the American citizens, sentenced, with many others, to transportation to one of the British penal settlements, for having participated in the political disturbances on Canada, in the year 1838; and that orders have accordingly been despatched to the Governor of Van Dieman's Land, for the liberation of the prisoners.

A HARD CUSTOMER.—The night watch in New Orleans recently noosed an alligator, about five feet long, while wending his way from the dry swamps to the river, in search of water. When he was seen and secured, although out of his element, he was getting over the ground at a tolerably rapid rate. A dog, who happened to fall in with this enemy to his race, made noisy demonstrations at his approach, but at the same time kept himself at a very respectful and safe distance.

FIRE IN WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.—A fire occurred on Friday night week in Worcester, Mass., which destroyed three large buildings, the property of Tower & Raymond, and Daniel Denny. They were occupied as leather and grocery stores, boot and shoe dealers, and for other purposes, the principal tenants being Rowen & Co., insured $10,000; Perkins & Flanders, $4,000; and Lakin & Bassett, $4,000. The buildings on the same ground were burned down in May, 1841.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Two lads named Francis Aiken and James Loring, were buried, on Thursday of last week, under a bank of earth, which caved in upon them while at play. Young Loring was immediately taken out by some Irish laborers, slightly injured. The other poor fellow was not missed for some time—when one of the boys recollecting him, his lifeless body was dug out, and all attempts to resuscitate him were unavailing.

SCHOOLS IN MICHIGAN.—In 1843 the amount apportioned to the districts from the State treasury was $19,000. In 1844, it is $28,000. Though the number of scholars has largely increased, yet the prosperity of the School Fund has increased in a still greater proportion, so that there is not only a greater amount of money distributed for school purposes, but also there is an increase of five cents to each scholar throughout the State of Michigan.

POISONED.—The family of Mr. Bertheaume, in Montreal, were recently all taken sick after partaking of a carrot which had been boiled in some soup. Medical aid was called in, and the whole were saved with the exception of one child, aged about three years, who died within twenty-four hours after eating of the poisonous vegetable. It is probable that some poisonous plant, wild parsley, perhaps, was boiled in the soup.

Army & Navy.

DEATHS ON BOARD THE FRIGATE CONSTELLATION.—The following named persons died while attached to the frigate Constellation, during her late cruise. The list is made up from the journal of a seaman on board.

Thomas H. R. Miller, killed at Rio Janeiro, by an apprentice boy; buried at Rio, 23d Feb., 1841.

Died at sea—Midshipman Richardson; buried in a sailor's grave, 30th Sept., 1841.

Oct. 6th, 1841—Drowned by capsizing of a boat, Thomas Sparling; his body was recovered and buried on the coast.

Oct. 31st, 1841—David H. S. Witherington; buried at sea.

July 16th, 1842—William Rodgers, shot himself; buried ashore.

Aug. 24th, 1842—Nathaniel Simpson, dysentery; buried ashore.

Sept. 14th, 1842—Levin Mandy, 4th Lieut.; buried at Hong Kong.

Sept. 14th, 1842—Ebenezer J. Home, consumption; buried at Hong Kong.

Sept. 15th, 1842—George N. York, dysentery; buried at Hong Kong.

Nov. 26th, 1842—James L. Baker, dysentery; buried ashore.

Nov. 30th, 1842—John Evans, liver complaint; buried at Manilla.

Dec. 3d, 1842—James Jeffries, of an apoplectic fit; buried at Manilla.

Dec. 23d, 1842—John Wood, of consumption; buried at Manilla.

Jan. 12th, 1843—John Brown, dropsy; buried at Macao.

May 6th, 1843—John Lynch, cholera; buried in the bay off Manilla.

May 6th, 1843—Daniel Remnick, cholera, buried in the bay off Manilla.

May 8th, 1843—John Goree, cholera; buried at sea.

May 10th, 1843—Norman Gibson, cholera, buried at sea.

June 1st, 1843—Job Morton, dysentery; buried at sea.

Sept. 9th, 1843—Benjamin Simpson, complication of diseases; buried at sea.

Oct. 13, 1843—Benjamin Richardson, dysentery; buried at sea.

Oct. 19, 1843—John Boley, from a fall.

Nov. 22, 1843—David Doper, fell from main-topgallant overboard; he sunk and was not recovered.

Jan. 18, 1844—John Wallace, of consumption; buried in Lorenzo.

March 31, 1844—Robert Wilson, consumption, buried at Rio.

April 4, 1844—George Webster, dysentery, buried at sea.

April 20, 1844—William Penrose, dysentery; buried at sea.

☞ A board of officers has been appointed by the Secretary of War, to assemble at West Point, on the 10th day of June, for the inspection of the discipline, course of studies, and general condition of the Military Academy. The board is composed as follows:—Major General Winfield Scott; Brevet Brigadier General W. J. Worth, of the infantry; Col. J. B. Crane, of the artillery; Lieut. Col. J. Kearney, Corps of Topographical Engineers; Major R. L. Baker, Ordnance Department; Brevet Major L. Thomas, Adjutant General's Department; Captain Robert E. Lee, Corps of Engineers; Captain J. Sanders, Corps of Engineers; Captain G. G. Waggaman, Commissary's Department.

PASSED MIDSHIPMEN.—At the meeting of the Board of Officers lately convened at the Naval Asylum, in this city, the following thirty-six young men were found qualified. They stand in the order of merit fixed by the Board:

Samuel Marcy, James H. Moore, John B. Bankhead, Samuel Edwards, James Foster, Thomas L. Dance, George W. Clark, Charles W. Place, George B. Bissell, Alphonso Barbot, J. W. A. Nicholson, Wm. H. Jameson, Thos. W. Corbin, Albert N. Smith, Gustavus V. Fox, Wm. H. Hudson, John Matthews, John Y. Crocker, John C. Beaumont, John C. Fieburger, Charles H. B. Caldwell, D. R. Dambert, Charles M. Fauntly, Fred. W. Colby, Wm. B. Fitzgerald, Henry S. Newcomb, Miles K. Warrington, John S. Maury, Henry K. Davenport, Piercy Crosby, N. Harrison, Richard T. Renshaw, Edward F. Tatnall, Charles W. Hays, S. E. Woodworth, Johnston B. Creighton.

A TEMPERANCE SHIP.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas writes:—"The United States frigate Cumberland, Commodore Smith, is probably the only man-of-war of any nation where the temperance cause has been fairly tested. Three hundred of the crew have signed the pledge, and only three persons on board draw their grog. The men are allowed to go on shore frequently, and have rarely broken their pledge—a fact that reflects the highest honor on these brave tars, who have thus shown that they can conquer their most deadly enemy."

MILITARY ENCAMPMENT.—It may be gratifying to some of our military readers to learn that the encampment to be held near Hagerstown (Md.) on the 4th of June, will excel the great Baltimore encampment of 1842. Capt. Ringold's company of flying artillery, and Capt. Washington's corps of artillerists from Carlisle barracks will be present, it is said, to contend for the palm of superiority. Governor Porter will also honor the camp with his presence. Provisions for the five days are to be furnished the various companies at $1 50 per man.

NEW INVENTION.—Mr. Shaw, the inventor of the copper percussion cap, and the cannon lock, has made a discovery by which cannon can be discharged by the simple action of compressing the atmospheric air contained in the vent of the gun, by an application of means the most certain and economical that have ever been invented for this purpose, dispensing with the lock and port fire, and which, had it been sooner discovered, would have been a saving to this Government of many thousand dollars within the last ten years.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.—An order has been issued from the War Department, directing a board—consisting of Surgeons Mower and Stinnecke and Assistant Surgeon C. M. Hitchcock—to convene at the city of New York on the 1st of July, for the purpose of examining the Assistant Surgeons who may be ordered to appear before it, and such applicants for appointment in the Medical Staff of the army as may be invited to attend.

☞ The following American vessels of war were at Rio Janeiro on the 13th of April:—Ship Columbus, Cooper, to sail same day for New York; frigate Raritan, Turner, waiting orders; sloop of war Boston, Prendergast, just arrived from the River Platte, and schooner Enterprise, Watson, waiting orders.

☞ The U. S. steamship Poinsett, Captain Semmes, touched at Galveston on the 11th inst., on her way to Vera Cruz, with Mr. Thompson, the confidential Agent of our Department of State to the Government of Mexico, on board. The Poinsett put in for fuel, and was to sail again next day.

☞ U. S. frigate United States, Capt. Jas. Armstrong, arrived at Mazatlan, March 27th, all well. She was to sail about the 28th of April, for Callao.

☞ The John Adams, at New York from Rio, has sailed upwards of 35,000 miles, and only lost two men by disease.

☞ The Ship-of-the-Line Columbus, and the ship John Adams, arrived at New York on Monday from Rio Janeiro.

☞ U. S. sloop of war Decatur touched at Elmira, Africa, Feb. 12, and sailed next day for windward.

☞ The Brandywine, with Mr. Cushing on board, was spoken in the Indian Ocean, in February.

☞ The United States frigate Potomac, Commodore Conner, was off Galveston on the 10th inst.

☞ The U. S. brig Perry sailed from Cape Town, Africa, for China, on the 28th of March.

☞ The U. S. schooner Flirt, Capt. Davis, was at Galveston.

Items of News.

FIRE AT MARION.—The Howard College, at Marion, Alabama, was burned on the 10th instant—most of the contents were saved. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. This College was of the Baptist order, and had in connection with it a Theological department, of which Rev. Jesse Hartwell, formerly of this county, was the Professor.

EXPLOSION AND ESCAPE.—The boiler of the steam engine manufactory of Messrs. Bartlett & Thurston, in Providence, exploded last week, destroying the building in which it stood, and smashing the next also. Although forty hands were employed about the building, there was providentially no person in it at the time of the explosion.

GOOD OUT OF ILL.—The Pittsburg age of Saturday, says that the late storm in Mercer Co., Pennsylvania, in blowing down a very large quantity of timber, has opened some ten or twenty *coal pits*, showing veins to have existed which had else remained unknown for half a century. It is an ill wind that blows no good.

☞ The venerable Chief Justice Martin, of Louisiana, is about to re-visit France, after an absence of sixty-five years. Judge M. came to the United States with Count Rochambeau, in 1780, at the age of seventeen. Previous to his departure, the Bar of New Orleans intend to offer him the compliment of a dinner.

A REPRIEVE of forty days was, we learn, granted by the President to the prisoners convicted of the murder of Charvis. Three of them, however, says the St. Louis Gazette, were previously sentenced to be hung on the 14th of June, and the reprieve, it is said, will not lengthen the term of their lives.

FRESHET IN OHIO.—A great freshet has occurred at the Chagrin Fall near Cleveland, Ohio, which badly injured Mr. White's axe-factory; and also injured H. C. Gardner's flouring mill, Earl's woollen factory, Bles's & Pool's woollen factory, and Bullard & Northrop's wheel factory.

A FINE HERD.—Mr. Thomas Hillhouse has on his farm at Watervliet, Albany county, N. Y., a herd of forty Durham cattle of the best breeds. This is probably a more valuable herd than is owned by any other individual in the United States.

☞ It is said that the two Norwich boats, the Cleopatra and Worcester, have been purchased by a company in Providence, and will be run to that city in opposition to the Stonington boats. Fare from Boston to New York, $2 50.

☞ The Cambria, which is the name of the new ship now on the stocks, to take the place of the ill starred Columbia in the Cunard Line—it is reported, will be launched in June, and ready to take her place in the line, in December.

☞ At Albany on Friday week, the quicksilver stood at 96 in the shade—on the preceding Tuesday at 34, with ice on the pools a quarter of an inch thick!

☞ It is stated in letters from Washington, that Hon. N. P. Tallmadge has been offered the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and that he promptly declined it.

☞ The Vermont Chronicle states that a sale of Wool was made in Claremont the other day, to the amount of near 30,000 pounds, (Dr. Jarvis's) at 45 cents.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *hand* their letters addressed to us. The word "*Post*" *paid* is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names as publish.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only on receipt of the latest if arrearages are due.

The Editor will take of solvent Banks received in payment for the Office.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to publish a paper like this. We should always give names and town paid for.

Letters should always state the *Post Office* *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will act for the Saturday Post, during the present year:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Saturday Museum Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Whelen.

☞ C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Mr. Anthony Ann*, *Mr. Jones*, *Mr. Bowen*, *Mr. Humphreys*, *Mr. Tyson and Mr. Lewis*.

☞ HENRY LEWIS is our Agent for Kentucky and West Tennessee.

☞ HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for all in Alabama and Tennessee.

☞ ISRAEL D. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Polk*, *Hugh L. White*, *Wm. R. King*, *Gen. D. Rose*, *and Henry Pratt*.

☞ THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

☞ WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

☞ JAMES FISHER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, in Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER, *or the Connection of Science and Philosophy with Religion. By Thomas Dick, LL. D. Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle.* This is a reprint, from the London edition, of a valuable work, the object of which, is to "illustrate the harmony which subsists between the discoveries of science and the system of revelation; and to show that the manifestations of the Deity in the material universe, are in perfect accordance with our views of the facts and doctrines recorded in the volume of inspiration." Of the estimation in which this work is held, it may be sufficient to state, that no less than eighteen of previous editions have been sold in this country; to say nothing of England and Scotland.

HARRY O'RAHOOR, *and other Tales of Ireland. By Samuel Lover. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Robinson & Peterson, and Key & Co. Baltimore: Cushing & Brother.* In cheap shape, of some of the inimitable stories of Samuel Lover, the witer and author, and one of the cleverest men of the age.

NORMA, AND OTHER POEMS. *By James Rogers Taylor. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This is a handsome little volume of good poetry—finished in workmanship, executed in thought, and full of language, and altogether such a book as places the name of the author among the poets.

☞ We have received from Zieber & Co. a Memoir of *Mrs. Judah S. Grant, late Missionary to China*, a biography which will be widely read, and Hymns Et. seed, the Banker, an excellent practical sketch—

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.—The number of this work for June has been received from the publishers, Messrs. Robert M. Peterson. It is a good number. On our first page the reader will find a pleasant sketch from it.

☞ We have received from Mr. Chase, No. 128 Walnut street, "The Comet from the Sunny South"—a song, the words by C. Donald McLeod, music by W. A. Young.

☞ The three last numbers of Martin Chuzzlewit have been published by Lea & Blanchard. The work increases in interest.

☞ The London Companion, for June, has been received by Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson. It is a good number.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, May 22. The day was spent in Executive Session.

IN THE HOUSE, the Navy Appropriation Bill came before the House. Among the amendments was one to prohibit the building or re-building of any vessel, without authority of Congress.

IN SENATE, Thursday, May 23. Mr. Mc-Duffie gave notice of a resolution to annex Texas, which had previously introduced. Executive Session. A petit of order being raised, it was decided. The Senate then took up a bill refunding the amount of cancelled notes which were destroyed at the fire in 1836, and then went into Executive Session.

IN THE HOUSE, the consideration of the Navy Bill was resumed. Mr. McKay proposed an amendment appropriating $471,000 for the payment of seamen employed on the coast survey, steamers, and miscellaneous items. Mr. Adams enacted that the amendment was not in order. The Chair decided that it was in order, and was sustained by the House. Mr. Adams and Mr. McKay remarked that as the amendment had had created much indecorous feeling, he would withdraw it. Amendments were adopted abolishing the spirit ration and corporeal punishment, and appropriating $600,000 to be expended on the use of American water-rotted hemp.

A resolution was adopted appointing in Chappell, Georgia, favorable to the annexation of Texas, were read and laid upon the table.

The Post Office Bill (no delays expenses) was read a third time and passed. A resolution to amendments to the Fortification Bill were concurred in.

IN SENATE, Friday, May 24. Executive communications were received. A resolution into the matter which Frank Ford, the Editor of the Post Office Bill (no delays expenses) was read a third time and passed. A resolution was adopted, requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to cause the steamship Erie to visit the principal ports on the Northern Lakes this summer. The Senate then concurred in the amendments of the House to the Fortification Bill. Post Office Bill. From the House was twice read and referred. Between one and two o'clock the Senate went into Executive Session.

IN THE HOUSE. Mr. Labranche, of Louisiana, asked leave to present Resolutions adopted in the New Orleans in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas. Before the question was stated Mr. L.'s objects in rising, he had asked the reference of the petition to the Committee on Territories of free members, and moved the Previous Question. Mr. White contended that the real object was not annexation, but to get in order to move the Previous Question, or prepose the consideration of the subject to prevent the bill of order. Mr. C. Ingersoll moved a call of the House, and Saturday was fixed for the day. Yeas were ordered, and the vote rejected 98 to 72. Mr. I. recalled the motion for a call House and a fair expression of opinion. A motion was made to lay the Resolutions upon the table. The vote was regarded as a test one, and the motion was lost, ayes 103, noes 74.

In the Post Office Bill, the House adopted the amendments several years ago, when the wires were conducted for a very great distance about a mile from the building, and the effect was great on the observer at once. The experiments were perfectly satisfactory then, though not so imposing as these would be, have been conducted under the patronage of the government. The wire between Washington and Baltimore is now extended, along the tops of posts about one hundred feet apart, and twenty feet high, and upon touching a wire at one end of the distance of 100 miles, and the effect is the same as if the wire

From the Monthlies.

HOPELESS LOVE.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

'Tis trembling waves beneath the sunshine quiver,
The stars look down upon the lonely river,
The moon hath thrown its silver light on me;
And smile to see themselves in purpler hue,
Sweet songs are heard to gush from yonder bowers,
That lightly float beneath the greenwood tree,
And other pleasures fleet or gladly flower there;
And all around are happier—all but me!

And yet it seems beneath the light that trembles
O'er these fair pools, with listless steps to roam,
For here my musing heart is most remembered
My sad lips quiver, and tear-drops come;
I cross once more in the low-roofed turrets,
To watch the dreamy waters as they flow,
And lay my cheek beneath the fragrant meadow
That drops its blossoms when the west winds blow!

Oh! there is one to whom every flower I ponder,
One angel-being and the loveliest bend,
Who in these evening's look cannot see me wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lightest, where each light foot bounds,
Her song is sweetest 'mid their songs of glee,
Smiles light her lips, and love-beams sparkle from her eyes,
Long lightly up their dark redundancy.

I rest, wreath and fancy are mine—all that entrances
The youthful heart, on me their charms confer;
Bright lips smile on me too, and melting glances
Flash up to mine—but not a glance from her!
Oh! there is one, gentle, heavenly, fane and splendor,
My light of bliss—my every hope resign,
To whom my heart, my life, my love are tender—
To clasp that little hand and call it mine!

In this sweet solitude the roamy wood
Hath curled in life light shapes and fairy elves,
And they have met in the moonlight by the grass,
And danced on the dewy sward beneath the trees,
The clear, lime starlight on the blue wave flashes,
And, filled with music, the fountain's fall,
The purple clusters load the lilac-bushes,
And flowers are blooming deeply and bright-hued;

Yet I am sick with love and melancholy,
My locks are heavy with the dripping dew,
Low sorrows leave me—moments self and holy,
And oh, my light-heart bounding pulses long for!
I turn the beauty of these calm, sweet hours,
The lonely wild music, and the fountain's fall,
Oh! I am sick in this lone land of flowers,
My soul is weary—weary of home all.

Yet here I rest once on which I ponder
To bloom in our walks the Edelweiss,
That lip is eversby murmur when I wander,
That cheek is softly dimpled when I muse;
How sooner would girls my days in these lone bowers,
Far from the world and all its loneliness wrong,
Her fairy feet should only tread on flowers,
If I make her home melodious with my song.

As me! such blissful hopes were filled my bosom,
And dreamed of fame—dreamed more my heart enthrall,
And yet and thus around me seemed to blossom,
Love, fame, and song, and all my dreams recall,
So exciting angel down these hallowed bowers,
No springing footstep echoes mine to glow,
Oh! I am sickness, world of flowers!
I sigh—I sigh amid them all—oh me!

AMELIA.

Our Traveller.

GENEVA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

This most remarkable Swiss town, the seat of much learning, mechanical ingenuity, and of early reformed Christianity; the native place of so many sages, naturalists and philosophers, and the seat of a manufacturing industry which well rivals that of England, France, and the United States, is most picturesquely situated on the lake, bearing its own name, in the point of romantic scenery, it is only inferior to Constantinople and Naples, and far exceeds any town in England, Ireland, France, or Germany. Its environs are—as a late traveller observed—not only romantic, but poetic; resembling now an Idyl, save no pipe—called at times, a drama.

The river Rhone divides Geneva into three very unequal parts, connected with one another by bridges. The upper part, the highest the "Old City," is the most beautiful. There are the principal streets and the promenade and shopping places of the town.

The Quay and the *Place des Bergues* on the right bank of the Rhone, afford a most magnificent and picturesque prospect of the surrounding scenery. The greatest bustle is in the lower antique part of the town. The streets here, are narrow and unseen, but persons on that account, presenting a greater variety to the eye. Among the public squares, the "*Molard*," *le bourg de fonte*, and the place *St. Pierre*, are the most remarkable.

In no other city in Europe, may be seen so many ingenious and useful manufactures in a crowded together in so narrow a compass. Every one seems to live by industry and manufactures. The manufacture of watches and jewelry occupy about 3,000 workmen, who consume annually, 60,000 oz. of gold, 5,000 marks (lbs.) of silver, and produce to the amount of 200,000 francs, earning thereby 2,200,000 francs. In addition to this, the number of gold and silver watches imported into the city, amounts annually to not less than 65,000.

The tanneries yield goods to the amount of 47,000, the cotton printings 47 other, the manufactures 48,000, the hat manufactures 80,000, the sheet-iron manufactures 2,000, the watchmakers 24 others, the tobacco 1,000, the distilleries 13,000 francs. The woolen-cloth manufactures produce annually 2,000 pieces, the straw manufactures 100 pieces; but bookbinding and printing have declined gradually since the close of the last century.

Geneva is the depot of French, Italian, German and Helvetian goods, and not only carries on a very active transit trade, but exports annually a large amount of its own productions. No species of industry or trade is neglected—and the town has the appearance, not of being the capital of a small "free Canton," but of the metropolis of a large and powerful empire.

In geographical position makes Geneva, not only one of the most delightful, but also of the most important cities of Europe. A single step from out its gates is sufficient to convince one of the truth of this assertion. Not a few roads from the city, one is struck by the inscriptions on the guide boards. "Road to Lyons," "Road to Paris," "to Chambery," "to the Interior of Switzerland, &c." In a few hours, one is from Geneva in the heart of France, at the head of the Lake, and the very centre of Switzerland, and thence in the quiet shades of Germany. Geneva lies, as it were, on the very confines of France and Italy, and partakes of both.

There is no place on the Continent where the English feel themselves so much at home, as in Geneva—none where they so soon find out the comforts to which they are accustomed in their own country. Living too, is proportionally cheaper than even in Paris and perhaps London—though the accommodations, to men of moderate fortune are by far more ample, and in that ratio also more reasonable. Frenchmen and Italians look on Geneva as a sort of half-way house; but the Germans, more than any other race of men, find themselves attracted to it by the energetic ingenuity of the Genevese.

The national character of the Genevese, is best described by calling them "the Americans who speaks French." He takes to the retired, and is accustomed, from childhood, to be like John Bull, supposed particular comforts. Wealth occupies in society the first rank it then usually all the rich inhabitants of Geneva cultivate arts or science. The learned cies therefore, which are very extraordinary her among themselves quite a line of by men—and wealth in Geneva is counted by thousands but by millions.

Geneva at the richest town in Switzerland. and to address that the Basel and Zurich have only made an effort to introduce the high manufacture, and ing and literature into their Zurich has established a Polytechnic Institute, ation the German model—an enstein, principally a German place of Geneva is an elegance. The [illegible] so that many French come as time or [illegible] children to these to be protestant, and [illegible] Germans are educated, [illegible] over France, and perhaps equally intelligent.

The whole is principally, has Geneva exerted an important influence on the history, and literature into Europe. Indeed, the world owes to Geneva, [illegible] Calvin, for his residence and centre of action—and as 1535 the reformed Christian religion was introduced by law into the city, and Geneva, though the whole long wars of the Reformation and the civil commotions which followed it in Germany, France and Scotland Geneva remained true to her plighted faith, and spread it through a vast portion of Europe.

The second great revolution, which completely re-organized the social edifice of Europe, and ushered in a new historical era, the last stage of which is yet enveloped in doubt, originated at least, in a measure, and that a very considerable one in Geneva. Here *Jean Jaques Rousseau*, the author of the "*contrat social*," was born, and here the prince of scoffers, Voltaire passed the greater portion of his maturer life from 1761—1777 in literary retirement.

Ferney, the castle inhabited by Voltaire, and which still continues a sort of Mecca, to which thousands of travellers, besides Voltaire himself, their pilgrimage, is situated about five miles from Geneva, in a most romantic and picturesque valley formed by a chain of low hills and mountains. The rooms occupied by Voltaire, are still left in the same position they occupied at his death. Furniture, bed, writing materials, every thing is left, in its place, and *admired* daily by hundreds of visitors. Three portraits adorn the walls, one of Voltaire himself, that of Frederic the Great of Prussia and that of Madame la Marquise de Chatelet, Voltaire's most intimate friend. To the left of his bed, over the fire place, is written "*Son Esprit est partout et son coeur est ici*," (his spirit is everywhere and his heart is here.) This inscription, however, is very far from being true to the letter; for when the French Revolution had made some progress, the Genevese, had, setting many of its heart, were removed to the Pantheon of Paris, where they have remained ever since.

Voltaire himself lies buried in the grand cemetery *Lonanere*, and to Necker, the great financier of the Revolution; the father of Madame de Stael.

The women of Geneva are remarkable for their beauty. They have the complexion and clear transparency, of the Germans, with the graces and agreeable manners of the French. In their toilette they generally prefer the dark colors to the light and light tinted, which are as a foliage on their radiant and intelligent countenances.

Selected Articles.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Truth and Point in a Comic Garb.

We now come to treat of Husband and Wife, and inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples and, thirdly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have, or have vagant wives, for whose debts the husbands are liable.

To make a marriage three things are required; first, that the parties will marry accordingly, that they can, and thirdly, that they do, though to us it seems that if they do, it would be unnecessary to say that they do will, it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will, they must: because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore they can if they choose, and if they don't it is because they won't, which I very clearly see is the reason, that if they do, it is absurd to speculate upon whether they will or can marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the first and constitutional maxim, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already, and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling upon.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy; but a stony guardian may be remedied by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage between such parties, may be ordered to take place in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a man from taking place there would not be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love affair has been smashed by the 8th and 9th of William IV., c. 85, explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22—for one act is already unintelligible to experts, may be ordered to take place in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a man from taking place there would not be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

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